

Children's Newspaper, August 7, 1926

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# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 385

Week Ending  
AUGUST 7, 1926

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## FOUR LOST PITS FOUND

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Seven

### TWO LEGS V. EIGHT MAN BEATS THE HORSE

The Puzzling Victory of a  
Running Athlete

#### SOME GREAT RIDES

The C.N. has once before recorded the signal triumph of a veteran runner in a race against a horse, and now the remarkable feat has been repeated.

This time, however, Hart's victory is the more notable, for the rider had two horses at his disposal, and rode them alternately. Yet at the end of a six-day contest at the Crystal Palace two legs had beaten eight, and Hart was the winner by 21 miles. That is to say, he had covered 328 miles against the 307 miles credited to the horses when they were withdrawn from the race on the sixth day. It was an extraordinary achievement, almost incredible at first sight.

#### A Marvel of Courage

Two remarkable features have to be noted here. Hart is 62, so his performance is a marvel of courage and endurance, a feat of speed and tenacity all the more notable because of the great heat in which the race was run. That is the first point. The second is the failure of the horses. It would be absurd to imagine that in ordinary circumstances two horses, running in succession, could not compass more than about three hundred miles in six days.

A horse's speed greatly exceeds that of a man. The record for the mile of a horse is 1 minute 33½ seconds; a man's fastest mile is 4 minutes 10½ seconds. Horses have trotted 20 miles within the hour; the best human record is Alfred Shrubbs' ten miles in 50 minutes 40 seconds.

#### Ride that Took Eight Months

But does the unbreaking spirit of man carry him farther in the long run? Of course he is a willing agent; the horse is ridden, yet it goes at the voice of its master till the last gasp, and this is what it has done.

Sir Harry Smith rode, during his South African days, from Cape Town to Grahamstown, 700 miles, in six days. Richard King rode from Grahamstown to Durban, 600 miles, through tangled forests and across sweltering plains, in ten days. A Russian officer covered a journey of 5700 miles from Manchuria to St. Petersburg, as it then was, in three days over eight months.

There was a case in the Law Courts a few years ago in which a horse was stated to travel as much as 64 miles a day. "That is rather exceptional, is it not?" said the judge. "Not at all," answered counsel. "In Ireland, before the railways, horses often used to travel 100 miles a day."

English records show that Cowper Thornhill, of Stilton, rode 213 miles in 12 hours 17 minutes; a Mr. Wilde covered 127 in seven hours; and Robert Cary, though delayed for several

### A Nature Lover by the Sea



On some parts of the coast great stretches of rock are exposed when the tide goes out, and many holiday-makers find endless enjoyment in rambling among the rock pools, hunting for anemones and other interesting sea creatures

hours, rode from Edinburgh to London, 392 miles, in three days. These sound more like the real achievements of the friend of man.

The failure of the horses at the Crystal Palace may have been due to the fact that the contest was necessarily conducted on a circular track, like a great circus ring, where conditions were artificial. Hart's deed and determination were truly wonderful, but the performance of his four-legged rivals was contemptible in comparison with his, and with the remarkable achievements of other horses.

In the old South African days an up-country member of the Legislative Assembly would ride his little 14-hands cob 500 miles from Colesberg to Cape Town, through heavy, mountainous country, in less than six days, would do his business, and ride home again.

What man on foot could equal that, in African heat, with a heavy weight on his back? The Crystal Palace race proves that the stout heart and untiring

legs of one brave old man may defeat some horses, but not that human athletes can rival the come-day-go-day achievements of the ridden or driven horse as a master of pace and perseverance.

#### THE POET OF THE OPEN ROAD

Walt Whitman, the American poet, whose vigorous unrhymed verse shocked many readers and made a strong appeal to others, who died in comparative loneliness and poverty in 1892, is to have a statue in New York.

The promoters of the scheme are the members of the Authors' Club of New York, who propose to spend at least £10,000 on the memorial.

The statue is to be cast in bronze and be of heroic size, showing the poet in the attitude of triumph which marks the opening of his Song of the Open Road.

Whitman's reputation has grown steadily in America, where during his lifetime his outspoken ruggedness of style appealed more to the educated classes than to the general public.

### NEW TOMMY TUCKERS SINGING FOR THEIR SUPPERS

How to be Cheerful when  
Things are Bad with You

#### RUN ROUND THE WORLD WITH MUSIC

The minstrel was once the most popular of all commercial travellers. He wandered about the land like Tommy Tucker, singing for his supper and for sundry pieces of silver. Before there were novels, newspapers, kinemas, gramophones, theatres, and wireless sets the minstrel was the sole entertainer. He played pleasant tunes, sang old ballads, and told stories. No wonder he was

*courted and caressed,  
High placed in hall, a welcome guest.*

Many people thought those days were over, and Sir Walter Scott declared that the last wandering minstrel sang his lay long before the eighteenth century. But he was wrong, for three minstrels are setting forth this very year to travel round the world and pay their way with music. They are not stars, with concert agents to prepare the way, but wandering musicians of the old sort.

#### The Universal Language

Russell and Mr. and Mrs. Goodman are the three minstrels' names. Motor-engineering is their normal way of earning a living, but that trade is in a bad way, so they are going to see the world and imitate Tommy Tucker. They are going by Paris and Vienna to Constantinople, then by Cairo and Aden to Bombay, and after touring India, Siam, and Japan they will return by Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and America.

It is rather sad to confess that the minstrels have not a palfrey or a harp between them. They are taking a light car, a motor-cycle, a drum, and a saxophone. No interpreter accompanies the party, but, after all, music is a universal language. It remains to be seen whether a voluble Austrian custom officer will feel that he has been adequately answered by a few plaintive notes on the saxophone, and whether a drum can explain to a Siamese policeman that the old gentleman stepped off the pavement right in front of your car, and that you were only going ten miles an hour.

All sorts of adventures are sure to befall the minstrels, and the tour should make a good story if one of them has a gift for writing besides a talent for engineering and jazz.

#### ACROSS THE NORTH SEA IN AN OPEN BOAT

In the recent hot weather a Norwegian seaman crossed the North Sea alone in an open sailing boat, 25 feet long.

Two days out the boat sprang a leak, and for eight days the sailor had to bail her out every three hours, day and night. He lost his hat, and so had no protection from the sun.



## A NAME OF SCORN

### DEATH OF A MAN NOBODY MOURNS

Director of a Reign of Cruelty  
and Terror

#### RUSSIA'S ROBESPIERRE

Dzerzhinsky is dead, and when the news of his death flew over the wires from Russia to England, to France, to Germany, to Poland, to America, wherever a Russian had taken refuge from the hate and terror of which this man was the symbol, a sigh went up from thousands of hearts.

It was not the sigh of regret, for there was not an honest soul in the whole world who regretted him. It was not even a sigh of relief, for the evil this man wrought had been so murderous and complete that most who had been the victims of it had passed through death and were beyond caring. It was a sigh that was almost a groan at the thought that a man so wicked and cruel should be for ever beyond the reach of human punishment.

Dzerzhinsky was the man whom Lenin chose to build up the power of Soviet rule so that it should be unassailable. The method he chose was that of terror. His weapons were death and torture; his instruments were the vast system of spies and informers who made up the organisation called the Cheka. None was safe from it, it spared none.

#### Sent to the Executioners

A shadow of opposition to Soviet rule, a breath of suspicion, a careless word, were enough to bring helpless or innocent people under the unrelenting condemnation of Dzerzhinsky, and to send them to the executioners. Thousands went, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands.

None was safe from it, high or low. There was no appeal from it, no escape from it. This bloodthirsty machine of terror, at the centre of which sat Dzerzhinsky pulling the levers, built round Bolshevism a rampart of corpses.

Hatred breeds hatred. This fanatic hated all who stood in the path he had made for himself. His hatred was effective because he struck them down. But hatred will pursue him beyond the grave, for his name will never again be spoken except in recollection of the agony he caused. He was the Robespierre of Russia, and his name will be a thing of scorn.

## WHEN IS A SHIP NOT A SHIP?

### Queer Problem for a Judge

Mr. Justice Roche has had a quaint decision to make in an action between insurance societies turning on the question whether a floating pontoon carrying a crane could be called a ship or a vessel.

The steamship Fernhill had collided with such an object in Rochefort Harbour and had damaged and overturned it, and the French Admiralty had recovered damages in the French courts from the owners. Of course the owners were insured, and the question was which of two organisations should make the loss good.

Mr. Justice Roche found that the crane pontoon was neither a ship nor a vessel. It was true that it was shaped like a ship, had decks, was capable of being moored, was manned by a staff called a crew, and was capable of being moved. It was adapted to float and to lift, but not to be navigated, and that was fatal to its status as a ship.

So a ship or vessel that cannot be navigated is not a ship or vessel, however much it may look like one!

## THE BROOK THAT TENNYSON LOVED

### Stream of His Boyhood Days

#### STILL BABBLING ON THE PEBBLES

When Lord Tennyson was a boy he rambled by the brook which ran past Somersby Rectory, where he was born, and the murmur of the brook sang in his sleeping ears and rang in his waking head till, when he reached man's estate, he put it into a poem:

*I chatter over stony ways  
In little sharps and trebles,  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
I babble on the pebbles.*

Tennyson has gone, and now Somersby, with the brook which chatters through it, has been sold by auction. But the brook goes on, as he said it would. It was trilling its way through Lincolnshire thousands of years before the poet was born, and if it had a mind it would perhaps have been thinking that for all that time it had been steadily doing its little bit of work in the world.

#### All in the Day's Work

When Tennyson knew it he made it say:

*By thirty hills I hurry down,  
Or slip between the ridges,  
By twenty thorps, a little town,  
And half a hundred bridges.*

All in the day's work! Perhaps as the years go on the thorps will become towns, and the little town a manufacturing centre. The brook itself may lose its fairy forelands set with willow-wood and mallow. But for many long years all it was and all it did will be preserved in the poet's song, for poems are like streams themselves, like this brook which Tennyson, in his poem, made to say:

*For man may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.*

## HURRYING ROUND THE WORLD

### Americans Circle the Globe in a Month

#### RECORD JOURNEY BY AIR, ROAD, AND WATER

It was only by bad luck that Mr. Edward Evans and Mr. Linton Wells failed in trying to circle the globe in 28 days. Even so, their 28 days, 14 hours, 36 minutes, 51 seconds, handsomely beat the pre-war record of 36 days made by Mr. Henry Mears.

The two travelled 8000 miles by steamship, 6300 miles by air, and 4100 miles by trains and motor-cars. For Mr. Mears air facilities were not available. It is clear that the proportion of air travel can be greatly increased, and the new time record thus substantially lowered.

There was every prospect of completing the round within the 28 days aimed at when the two travellers took once more to the air at Victoria, British Columbia, after their Pacific run. At Cleveland they were to have been picked up by two army planes equipped for night flying, but severe thunderstorms brought them up at Rantoul, in Illinois, as darkness was falling, and they had to wait till next day.

Between Cleveland and Long Island there are five difficult mountain ranges, and to cross them at night needs experience and an equipment of emergency lights and landing flares, which equipment was yet far off at Rantoul.

From Long Island racing motor-cars took them to New York, where the honour of the Freedom of the City awaited them. "We have had more trouble with aeroplanes in the United States than in any place in Europe," Mr. Evans explained.

## KING COAL

### ANOTHER CHANCE FOR HIM

The Day When Science Will  
Make His Power More Precious

#### LORD BALFOUR'S HOPE

Coal is such a gloomy subject, darkening the skies even when the householder's grate is empty, that Lord Balfour's encouraging words to the Society of Chemical Industry might cheer even the miners and mine-owners.

Lord Balfour, like Sir Alfred Mond, is certain coal will come to its own again. What coal wants, what we all want, miners and owners and consumers, is a way of making coal more valuable by causing it to go farther. He speaks from a position of considerable scientific knowledge, and he declares that sooner or later chemical science will find out a way of making coal more convenient and more easily handled, and therefore a more valuable fuel.

Coal's rival is oil, and oil more than holds its own for some purposes against coal because it is more suitable and more convenient. Heat and energy can be more readily got out of it, bulk for bulk. Its heat and energy are done up in smaller parcels.

#### Oil Fuel From Coal

But Lord Balfour sees a time coming when a kind of oil fuel will be got out of coal. It must be so. Then King Coal will resume his sway, and, as Britain is one of his favoured kingdoms, the sun of prosperity will shine on her once more.

Coal is the minted heat of the Sun. It is heat in solid form. All we have to do is to make it flow and it will fill our coffers. Whatever new forms of fuel are found there will never be too much of it in this busy world, and coal, which is the first and greatest form of fuel, and the most lasting, will always be wanted while it does last. It is one of the richest legacies the modern world inherited from the old; and long after strikes and quarrels about wages are over Old King Coal may be still enriching Little Treasure Island.

## SAVING A CAT

### Work for Two Detectives

People crossing a bridge over the Irwell between Manchester and Salford, hearing piteous mewing some weeks ago, saw a cat on the ledge of a wall close to the river and unable to get away.

A bucket was lowered several times, but the frightened cat did not understand, or dared not jump. Then two detectives came up, and with a rope one lowered the other 40 feet down through a window. With great difficulty Detective Needham brought the cat to safety, after the poor creature had been starving for days.

## In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A necklace of 65 pearls . . .	£12,800
A James I silver flagon . . .	£1040
Pair of Della-Robbia figures . . .	£965
A Charles II silver tankard . . .	£767
A landscape by Wouverman . . .	£630
A Charles II silver inkstand . . .	£527
A portrait by Romney . . .	£490
Pair of Louis XVI vases . . .	£440
An etching by James McBey . . .	£375
A drawing by Rembrandt . . .	£300
An old English bookcase . . .	£118
A Chinese velvet carpet . . .	£110

A portrait of President Wilson, painted by Sir William Orpen, at the Versailles Peace Conference, was sold for £2730.

## FORGIVING AND FORGETTING

### A Crystal Palace Scene

#### MAN WHO GAVE UP A THRONE

One of the delegates at the Christian Endeavour Conference at the Crystal Palace sends us these notes.

Thirty countries presented themselves at the Christian Endeavour Conference at the Crystal Palace the other day.

As the roll of the nations was called out a representative bearing the flag of his country stepped up to the main platform, and in a short two or three minutes' speech conveyed the greetings of his fellow Endeavourers to the Convention. The whole audience rose and cheered as each delegate was welcomed by the President.

The most moving sight at the official reception was the welcome to the German delegation. While their representative came to the front shouts of welcome were raised, and the cheers were prolonged and white handkerchiefs waved all over the large hall. What did this mean? Probably to most of us it was a sign that, as far as the Endeavourers are concerned, the past is going to be buried, that the future is to be one of peace and goodwill.

#### A Great Sacrifice

The motto of the Conference, Christ for the World and the World for Christ, stared all the delegates in the face. Will they live up to that motto? It remains to be seen, but one could not doubt their desire to do so.

Among the various messages which were sent to the Conference from Presidents—past and present—of the various national unions who could not be present one attracted us considerably, not because there was anything unique in it, but because of the man who sent it. It was from Raja Sir Harnam Singh. Nearly forty years ago this Indian prince embraced Christianity, and so lost his title to the throne of the famous Kapurthala State. It was a great sacrifice for him, but he gave up all his earthly splendour and glory, his palace, his jewels, and his magnificence to follow Him Who knew not where to lay His head.

## THINGS SAID

Idealism is indestructible.

*Principal Brewis*

We find your countryside so tidy and restful.

*American Students in England*

I believe that if America and Great Britain stood side by side we could stop any war in the whole world.

*The Bishop of London*

Every movement like the Boys' Brigade depends on three things: tradition, service, ideals.

*Prince Henry*

When things seen wax and things unseen wane the soul of man begins to perish.

*The Wesleyan President*

It is more difficult for nations to understand each other in peace time than during a war.

*General Gouraud*

The most horrible war is still to come unless youth tears the idea from the heart of civilisation.

*Mr. Lloyd George*

I appeal to all motorists during the summer months to give way more than usually to our friend the horse.

*A. A. Secretary*

Bees, sing softly; bees, sing low;

He is dead who loved you so.

*From the memorial card of Mr. A. G. Gambrell, bee expert, who died at 71.*

Instead of spending millions on overcrowded hospitals we should do better to spend thousands on healthy recreation under healthy conditions.

*Mr. Thomas Wall*



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## AN AMERICAN ON HIS HONOUR

### SACRIFICES OF THE GREAT WAR

Men Who Died in Thousands While America Waited

### CANCEL THE DEBTS

There have lately been many remarkable protests against the American burden of war debt now resting on Europe. Two come from Americans, one from a soldier and one from a lawyer.

The soldier is Major-General O'Ryan, who fought in the war. Speaking of the 50,000 American dead, he drew this solemn picture:

"If our dead could be resurrected and march by us at the rate of 10,000 an hour (he said) it would take five hours for them to pass this spot. What an impressive spectacle that would be of the destruction and waste of war! What about the French? If their 2,000,000 dead were to follow them, also at the rate of 10,000 an hour, marching day and night, more than eight days and nights would pass before we saw the end of their column."

### The Common Pot of Sacrifice

General O'Ryan went on to say that it was more than a year after the United States entered the war before she was holding any appreciable portion of the line, and by all the rules of sportsmanship it was up to the United States, with her great man-power, wealth, and resources, to take over at once the lion's share of the fighting. She did not do it because she was unprepared. While the American Army was being trained the French, in addition to holding their own long line, held America's, too, aided by the British.

"In those days," said General O'Ryan, "nobody cared about money. The United States spent money freely, lent it freely to her Allies. It went into the common pot of sacrifice and endeavour, but it was no substitute for the lives of those French and British boys. The French and British families of the dead do not think so. But now it turns out that we did not put those moneys or any part of them into the pot. We want our money back—all of it, and with interest. Is that sportsmanlike?"

### Mean and Un-American

The other protest is made by a well-known lawyer of New England, Mr. Peabody, who has sent a petition to the United States Congress asking for the cancelling of war debts in the name of honour.

The following are some of the passages in this impassioned document:

"In his speech to Congress asking for the declaration of war against Germany the President pledged 'our lives and our fortunes, everything we are and everything we have' to its prosecution.

"It would seem that somebody in authority took advantage of the great need of our associates to require of them a promise to repay money advanced for our security and defence—money that, God knows, was so used. It was a mean and un-American thing in such circumstances.

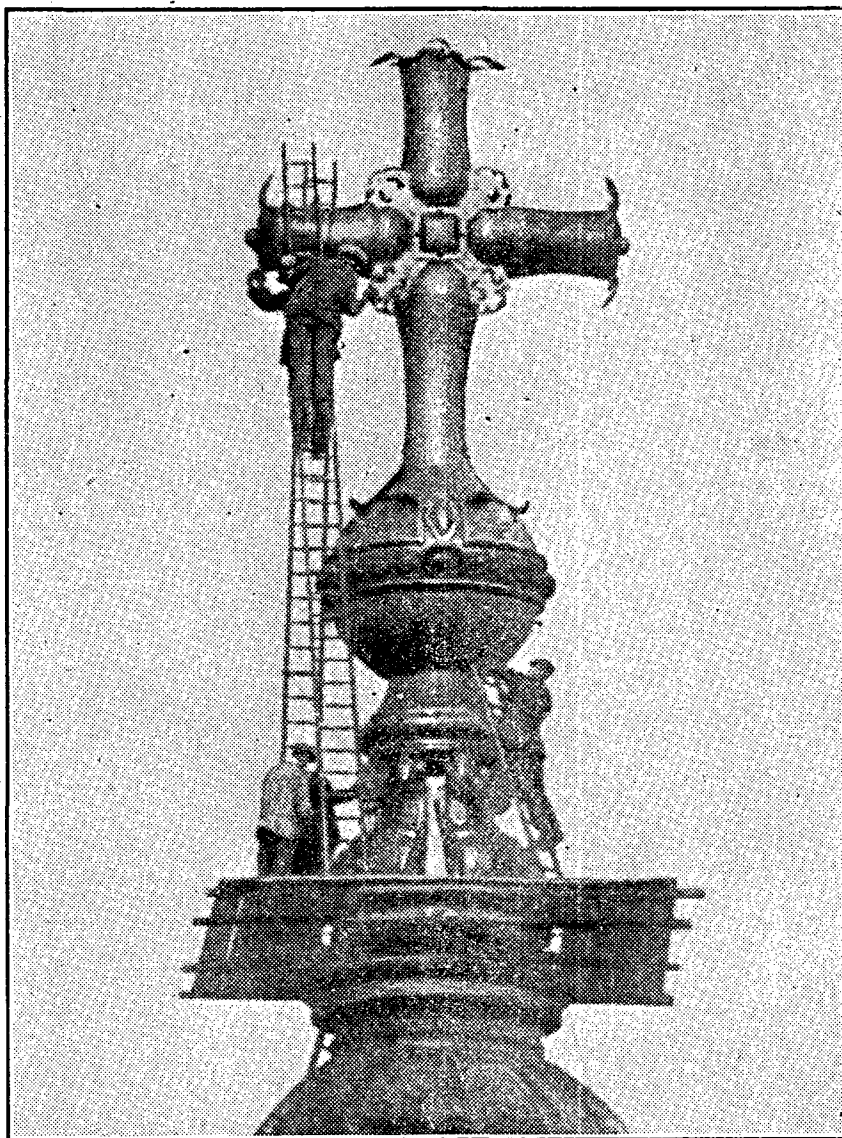
### More Than German Payments

"We advanced England, Belgium, France, and Italy something less than £1,900,000,000, and upon a pure technicality we have demanded not only the principal sum but upwards of £2,200,000,000 for nothing but time.

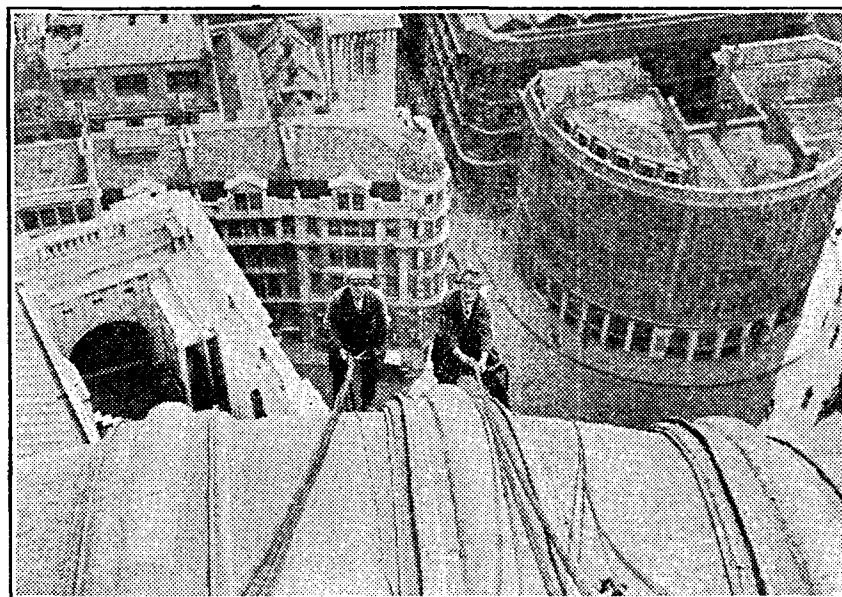
"Our demands will annually take about 60 per cent of the German payments. German payments cease after 35 years; those of our friends continue for 27 years thereafter, and in the end we shall have exacted more than the total of German reparations."

Mr. Peabody concludes his petition by demanding the cancelling of the debts on behalf of "every American who loves his country and has in his breast a spark of honour."

## ON TOP OF ST. PAUL'S



Cleaning the golden cross



Workmen climbing up the great dome



Looking down on London from the very top of the cross



The cleaners making their way to the top of the cross

New lightning-conductors have lately been fixed on St. Paul's Cathedral, and advantage was taken of the opportunity to clean the great golden cross, as seen in these pictures. Four years ago the cross was covered with thirty thousand leaves of gold, worth £160

## OUR BRAVE BIRD FRIENDS

### THEIR LIFE WITH MEN IN TOWNS

Timid Creatures Frightened by the Rush and Bustle

### SANCTUARIES

The latest reports about bird life in this country make pleasant reading. They are issued by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds and by the Bird Sanctuaries Committee.

Of course lovers of birds will find in these reports conditions that all must regret. Great Britain long ago was a paradise for birds. It attracted immense numbers and many species. The island had much forest land and healthy tracts, with little intrusion by masses of men. Now the country has far less natural cover for birds, roads are more numerous, and traffic on them is great and disturbing. Human dwellings are spreading over areas once beloved by birds, and feeding grounds are lessened constantly.

### Better Care of Bird Life

One result is that the birds which seek seclusion are scared away. To many birds nearness to man is not unwelcome. They feel that his presence on the whole is friendly, and his outdoor activities provide them with food. His habits make him one of their recognised helpers. Though the difficulties of bird life increase as the human population grows greater, the drawbacks are accompanied by some advantages.

Indeed, if a complete survey of our island be made in relation to wild bird life the balance probably favours the birds. This happy result is produced chiefly by our better understanding of birds and our greater thoughtfulness and care for them. Though the movement for providing sanctuaries or refuges for birds, where they may feel at home and breed, ought to be carried much farther, it has grown a good deal of late, and the natural kindness that underlies it has grown faster still.

### In Kensington Gardens

Some birds that were becoming very rare are increasing in number as they discover restful breeding-places. No one talks now of the Dartford warbler being in danger of extinction. The willow warbler has not only appeared in Kensington Gardens, but, it is believed, has nested there. Kingfishers, herons, sandpipers, and the spotted flycatcher come there as visitors. As many as 58 species have been noted as nesting in Richmond Park since more cover was allowed there.

The Bird Sanctuary in Hyde Park, in spite of the hideous piece of sculpture put up there, is proving not only an attraction to migrating birds, but it is a temptation to birds to stay in its seclusion. The chaffinch last year made a stay of three months. Individual birds that migrate from England are recognised as coming back to Hyde Park in due season. Moorhens may be seen in the Dutch garden outside Kensington Palace, and last year they reared two broods. Teal come and stay for months of their own accord.

### The Boy and the Birds

In short, birds in a completely wild state soon understand where they are welcomed and where suitable surroundings are provided for them; and in many parts of the country a warm appreciation of free bird life is spreading. The intelligent civilised British boy of today realises how much better it is to know and admire birds in their natural state than to kill or harass them.

This better feeling between human beings and frail and beautiful birds will be responded to by greater confidence felt by the birds, and it is likely that the country will be steadily enriched in the future by more bird life, even though houses may occupy many sites that were once their natural haunts.



## PRIZE FOR TAKING A CITY

SCENE OF A BIBLE STORY  
When Joshua Gave Away the  
Promised Land

### WHAT EXCAVATORS HAVE FOUND

Once more excavations in Palestine have thrown light on an old Bible story. It is of the days when Joshua was apportioning the Promised Land among the sons of Israel.

Unto Caleb the son of Jephunneh he gave a part among the children of Judah. And Caleb drove thence the three sons of Anak. He went up to the inhabitants of Debir; and the name of Debir before was Kirjath-sepher.

And Caleb said, He that smiteth Kirjath-sepher, and taketh it, to him will I give Achsah my daughter to wife. And Othniel the son of Kenaz, the brother of Caleb, took it; and he gave him his daughter.

As her dowry Caleb gave her a field facing south, and very dry:

And she lighted off her ass; and Caleb said unto her, What wouldest thou? Who answered, Give me a blessing; for thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs.

#### The Zig-Zag Passage

Now Americans have been excavating on the site of Debir, and this is what, among other things, they have found. First, walls from 10 to 14 feet thick, and in them a gate within which is a zig-zag passage-way with recesses in which the defenders could hide. Second, a mile from the city, ancient wells are fed by underground springs. It is hoped to find a passage-way up from the wells to the inside of the city, like the passage from the Pool of Siloam to Mount Moriah, in Jerusalem, on which Solomon built his temple.

Did Othniel, in love with his cousin Achsah, know of such a passage, and, knowing it, surprise the garrison in its hiding-places by the gate and let his uncle's soldiers in? And did he then, for security, claim the wells with her dowry? It was by stratagem only that such gates could have been won in those days, and it was by stratagem only that a single youth could take any city. Did old Caleb know of his nephew's love (and his daughter's) and of his cunning when he offered her as the prize for the taking of the city?

## DO ANIMALS DIE OF GRIEF?

### A Story from Rhodesia

The C.N. article on the question Do Animals Die of Grief? has been discussed by the scholars of the school at Goudhurst, Kent, and they think the following story from Rhodesia has an interesting bearing on the question.

A lady living at Buluwayo bought two ducklings, thinking she would fatten them for the table. But her two children, a boy of eight and a girl of six, soon made them such pets that all idea of using them for food was set aside. The ducklings followed the children to school and waited for them to come out. They became constant companions to their little human friends.

When they grew into large ducks the children's mother sold them; in the children's absence, to a distant friend, who expected almost at once to have a delicious meal of roast duck.

But it never happened, for before a week had passed both the birds, separated from their human friends, pined and died.

The story would be excellent evidence if we were quite sure that the birds had not picked up something which disagreed with them in the unfamiliar surroundings of their new home.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



In England we eat on an average 100 apples each a year.

Lowestoft Corporation has prohibited the playing of games on Sundays on their recreation grounds.

#### The Strike and the Libraries

During the general strike the issue of library books for home reading went up by almost a quarter.

#### Mr. Bird and a Crow

A ball played by a golfer named Bird was picked up by a crow, which carried it 150 yards before letting it drop.

#### The First Half-Million

A telephone installed the other day in the House of Commons Press Gallery was London's half-millionth instrument.

#### A Pigeon's Long Memory

A pigeon recently returned to a loft at Bath after being absent for nearly four years. It was lost at Marennes, France, in 1922.

#### 3000 Miles Non-Stop

Two French airmen have created a new record by making a non-stop flight from Paris to Omsk, Siberia, a distance of nearly three thousand miles.

#### The Old Order Changeth

For the first time in history a woman has received an appointment at the Vatican, where she will be employed in the library.

#### A Woman's Feat at Bisley

Beating seven hundred men, a woman has shot through the second stage of the King's Prize match at Bisley for the first time on record.

#### John Wesley's Children Unite

The Wesleyan Conference at York decided by 414 votes to 125 that the Wesleyan, Primitive, and United Methodist Churches should unite.

#### Threepence a Day

Starting to work in Tansley nurseries, Derbyshire, for threepence a day, Mr. James Birch has followed this employment for 62 years, and still continues at it.

#### Henry the Fifth

A memorial tablet has been unveiled in the fourteenth-century bedchamber of the Castle at Vincennes, overlooking Paris, in which Henry the Fifth died.

#### A Plague of Dogfish

Serious losses to the Firth of Forth fisheries have been caused by thousands of dogfish, which have destroyed countless white fish and damaged many fishermen's gear.

#### The Cruel Traffic in Old Horses

Miss Isabel H. Bullock, of Little Coggeshall, Essex, is organising a petition against the horrible traffic in worn-out horses. She has received 1200 signatures, and wishes to make up the number to 2000.

## THE BADGER A Cornwall View

Writing from a Cornish farm, a reader says he appreciates the spirit of a recent article on the badger, but suggests that the "harmlessness" of the creature cannot be defended.

Badgers, he informs us, are much more common now in Cornwall than before the war, and it has become necessary to hunt them, not for sport, but because their depredations in the poultry yard have become too serious to be borne. Only the previous week the badgers had destroyed three of his finest hens.

He says that when they are hunted they are killed with the least possible amount of cruelty. While he agrees that hunting wild animals for pleasure cannot be defended, he claims that tame animals must have reasonable protection from them, and that it is only as a protection for domestic animals that the number of badgers is reduced.

## A STEP OUT OF BARBARISM

Cruelty Passing from the  
Hunting Field

### THE ELECTRIC HARE

Long ago, in the childhood of the nations, the wives and horses and servants of kings were buried with them to accompany them to the other world.

Then one of their clever priests saw the cruelty of it, and suggested that dummies would do.

In England we have drag hunts which dispense with the brutal killing of foxes, and clay pigeons have largely replaced live ones for release from traps for shooting. Now another step forward has been taken toward humanity in the barbarous world of hunting. We have a mechanical hare which greyhounds can race after, instead of hunting real ones. Thus do we grow slowly less cruel through the ages.

A special racecourse has just been opened at Manchester for greyhounds, on which they chase an electrically-driven hare which they can never overtake, so that the cruelty of the killing of live hares is avoided and all the excitement of the hunt is maintained.

The hares are controlled from a tower from which they are always in sight, so that their speed can be kept just beyond that of the leading hound. The electric hares can run up to sixty miles an hour, whereas the maximum speed of the dogs is 45 miles. The dogs are released after the electric hare has got a good start.

## ONE TAKEN, THE OTHER LEFT

### A Bee Tragedy

In the honeyed darkness of a bee-hive at Altrincham one of those strange combats which are part of the political history of bees took place not long ago.

One day, close by Seaman's Moss School, two swarms of bees were seen. The swarms rose and settled and rose again, and a bee-keeper of the village, deeply learned in bees, contrived to shepherd one of the swarms into a skep in a neighbouring garden.

As the first swarm with its queen was thus safely hived the second swarm rose in a cloud, flew round about the hive, and then followed the first swarm into the new home.

That was permissible in the bees' political constitution, and was permitted. The two swarms remained housed together in the same bee city. But in any bee community there can be only one queen, and here there were two. The rival queens fought in the darkness. No one knows what the attitude of the worker bees should be in such a combat. It is certain that they do not take sides. They allow the queens to fight it out themselves. Next morning the worker bees were at work, the drones were at play, and one of the queens lay outside the hive, her short life ended, like a dead Caesar, with none so poor to do her reverence.

## MIDLAND SCOUTS 55 Acres to Play in

Boy Scouts in the Midlands are proud of the splendid gift of a park to the Scout Movement.

In it they will be able so roam freely and live just the kind of outdoor life that every Scout longs to live. It is at Castle Bromwich, near Birmingham, and is a stretch of 55 acres of land, nearly half of it thickly wooded.

It is an ideal place for the open-air life of scouting, and has a host of fine camp sites. There will be many bright camp fires there this summer as the Scouts enter into possession.

There is a big hall for assemblies, and a large swimming-bath is to be built.

## A CRANE FLIES OVER SUSSEX

WHY IT IS WORTH NOTING

Bird Driven from its Home  
by the Homes of Men

### TEN-FOOT SPAN OF WING

Not everybody would think it worth while to make a song about a bird.

After all, one swallow does not make a summer, nor the return of an age-lost wanderer suggest the homecoming of a vanished species. But who would not find his imagination stirred by the sight of a splendid crane flying on its ten-foot wing-span across the fields of Sussex?

There was a great voice from seaward, "Wow! Wow!" which suggested a strange incoming from the ocean, but voice it was alone, with nothing to be seen. A day or two later an inquisitive dog scented something unusual in a reed-bed at Pythingdene and routed it out, and up sprang this noble crane, to fly away and settle in a field of mangolds.

"Wow! Wow!" it called with the voice of Stentor, and people heard it for a mile around and came running in wonder to see. They looked and marvelled and no one raised a gun, so that the bird departed in peace, to be seen again the following day in the fields of a farm in the same neighbourhood.

Cranes as a species have left us this century and a half, their homes taken from them by the homes of Man, built on land reclaimed from the fens and swamps which once were excellent for birds, and for malarial mosquitoes.

### The Mysterious Memory

It is not certain that this one had flown the Channel; it may have escaped from an aviary, but there is magic in the thought that it was a free bird, that it inherited that mysterious memory which age after age brought its ancestors from the warm South to spend summer with us.

Whatever their latitude, the cranes are great migrants, flying fast and far from land to land with the procession of the seasons.

Blind old Homer wrote of them:

So when inclement winters vex the plain  
With piercing frosts, or thick-descending rain,  
To warmer seas the cranes embodied fly,  
With noise and order through the midway sky.

Cranes have always fascinated poets. The mystery and order of their flight fixed the attention of Dante, and in his vision of the hurrying, buffeted lost souls in the underworld it is to these birds on the wing that he likens them: "As cranes, chanting their dolorous notes, traverse the sky, stretched out in long array."

So the mind flits, in the wake of this solitary bird, to far lands and far times, to find that one crane in a Sussex landscape with its mournful "Wow! Wow!" is worth making a song about after all. If the same bird should come back next year and bring its mate the event would be notable enough for a whole anthem.

## MORE WOMEN THAN MEN And the Women Living Longer

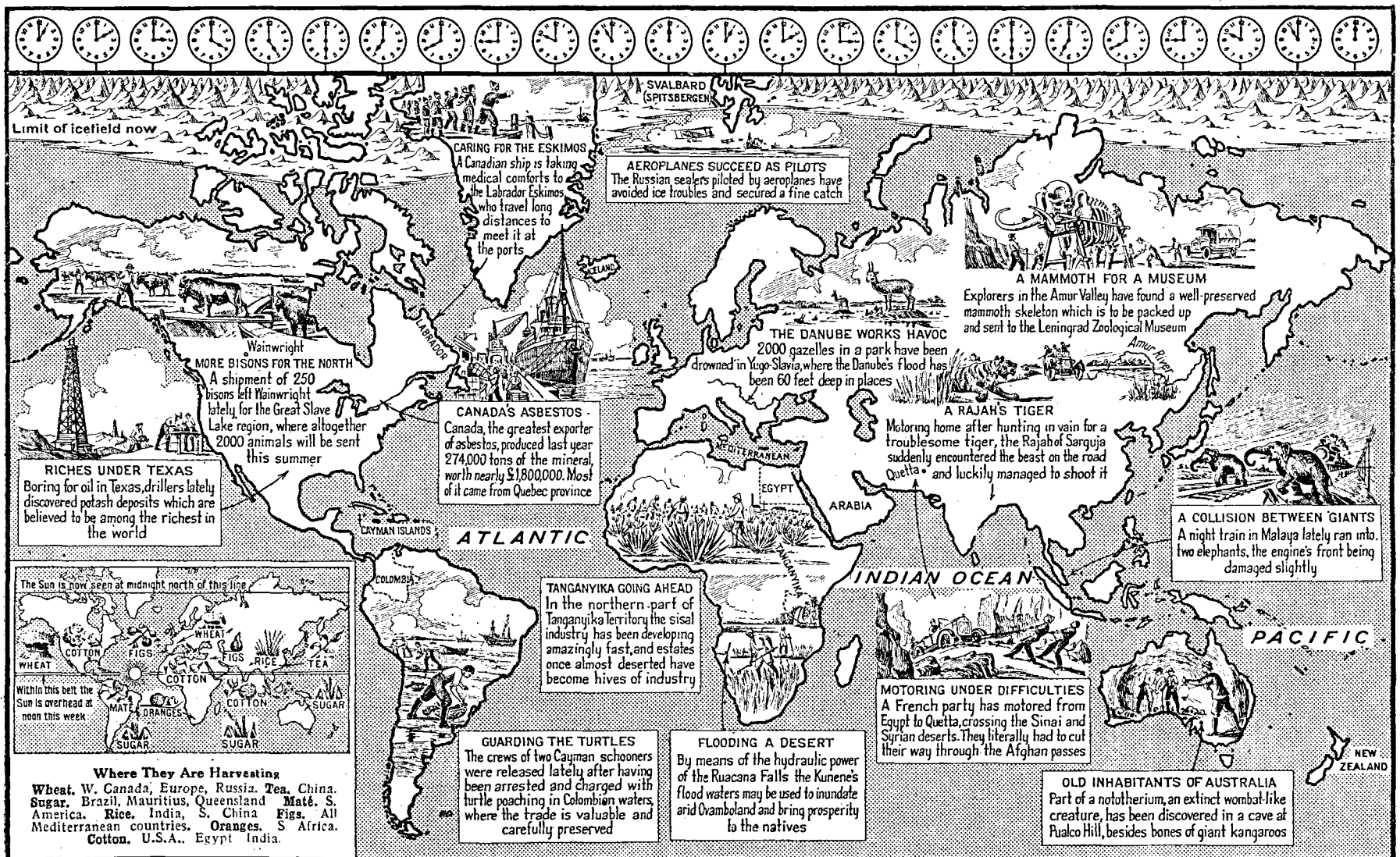
There are still more women than men in England and Wales. The Registrar-General's returns for 1924 put the excess at 1,656,000.

He puts the males in June of that year at 18,545,000, and the females at 20,201,000, a total of 38,746,000. The average age for women was 31.7, against 30.3 for men. During the year 86 people died who were sad to be a hundred years old or older, and only 22 of these were men.

It is again shown that people in the South and the Midlands live longer than people in Wales and the North. About 15 people married in every thousand.



## PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## A JUDGE'S DECISION

Patents Anybody's Property in Ireland?

## AN AGREEMENT THAT MUST BE HONOURED

An amazing decision as to British patent rights in Ireland has been given by a judge of the Irish High Court.

The judge refused to the British Thomson-Houston Company an injunction against an Irish firm not to infringe the company's patents regarding electric lights and filaments. The judge said it was clear that the British Patent Office could not confer patent rights in the Irish Free State. That power ceased in December, 1922.

That, of course, is true, for Ireland then became a separate Dominion of the King. But the Free State joined the International Union for the Protection of Industrial Property, to which almost every civilised country belongs; and by the Convention signed by all its members it is agreed that the citizens of each State shall enjoy in each other State the same advantages regarding patents as the country's own citizens.

Apparently the judge admits that patents taken out since 1922 would be protected by this agreement. It is patents granted before that date that are said to be no longer valid in the Free State. But clearly the spirit of the Convention, to say nothing of common justice, requires that they should be, and the sooner the matter is put right the better.

## A LARK AT THE SHOW

A lark's nest, with three eggs, was found behind a stand prior to the opening of the Sussex agricultural exhibition.

The bird was not molested, but gained free access to the nest through a wired device, thoughtfully fixed by bird-lovers. Although thousands of visitors came in close proximity, the bird sat undisturbed on the nest till the eggs were hatched.

## THE ABSENT-MINDED WESLEYAN Posting His Wallet

It must have been a very other-worldly delegate to the Wesleyan Conference of whom this story was told.

In the opening days of the Conference at York he reported to the secretary the loss of a pocket wallet with its very valuable contents, and suspicion fell on an attendant, to the general discomfort.

But before the Conference ended a communication was received from the local post office which showed, said the secretary, that "our brother posted his wallet instead of his letter!"

Loud cries of "Name!" followed the roars of laughter with which this announcement was received, but the name of the absent-minded one was mercifully withheld. Did no one see a delegate in a retired corner of the lobbies kicking himself hard? We may be sure he felt like doing so, and we hope the attendant is happy again, with his good name free from all suspicion.

## OLD JOE

## Carrier of the Big Drum

The Guardsman who acted Charles the Second in the Royal Tournament at Olympia rode a magnificent white horse known as Old Joe.

Old Joe is nearly twenty, and has been in the Life Guards fifteen years. He was a splendid charger and a good jumper in his youth, but when the war came he was judged too heavy for war service. Since then he has often carried the big drum of the Guards.

It had been decided that after the Tournament it would be time to destroy him, but King George heard of this and said he would like him to end his days in the royal paddock at Windsor. So Old Joe is to be retired instead of being killed. But it is now said that there is good work in him for a little while longer, and he is to remain with the Guards at present.

## THE GREAT ICE RETREAT Switzerland's Shrinking Glaciers

It has been a late summer in Switzerland. The snow has only just cleared from the passes between Interlaken and the farther mountains. But the glaciers are still going back.

Professor Mercanton, of Lausanne, measures their figures every year. Of the hundred Swiss glaciers on his books 19 are increasing their bulk. The Saleinaz Glacier has put on 63 feet in a year, and the Lower Grindelwald has come 29 feet farther down the valley.

But 11 glaciers are where they were, in spite of recent snowy winters and cold springs, and 69 are retreating.

Of these the great Aletsch Glacier sets the worst example. Reference to the records of the Swiss Alpine Club show that it was retreating at the rate of about 60 feet a year as long ago as 1910. Even the Grindelwald glaciers, one of which is advancing and the two others retreating, lost a quarter of a mile in thirty years.

What appears to be taking place in Switzerland among the glaciers is that though over a period of 35 years or so there are little advances following on retreats, and a few continue to advance while the greater number retreat, the general movement is one of shrinkage—as if the last of the last Ice Age were going.

## SPORT

## A Swimmer's Chivalry

A fine example to all sport lovers was afforded by the captain of the Newton Abbot Otter Club during their annual long-distance swim.

The captain (Mr. Pitts) forfeited his chance of victory when in sight of the winning-post in order to assist a rival who was seized with cramp.

Having helped the man out of the water, Pitts finished the race and gained sixth place, amid a great ovation.

## A GIFT TO THE ABBEY The Queen's Happy Thought CENTURY-OLD HISTORY ON VELLUM

The Dean of Westminster received a surprise summons to Buckingham Palace the other day to receive from the King a very interesting present for the Abbey.

This was a copy of a History, in two quarto volumes, published in 1812, of The Abbey Church of Saint Peter, Westminster. The book was written by one Combe, the author of the queer Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque, who spent forty years in a debtors' prison and helped to edit The Times. The History has eighty water-colour drawings by some of the best artists of the day, and was published by Rudolph Ackermann, whose firm is still in Bond Street.

The book is very rare, but this copy of it is unique, for it is printed on parchment and embodies the actual original drawings, mounted on or let into pages of vellum. The volumes are bound in crimson velvet, covered with ornamental brasswork into which are introduced the rose, keys, and portcullis of the Abbey arms. Added on the flyleaf are the signatures of the King and Queen and some of their children below an inscription "To the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey."

The volumes were made up by Ackermann for a Mr. Allnutt, member of a noted family of collectors, with whom they have remained till now. They were seen in Bond Street by the Queen, to whom the happy thought came which led to this presentation. The book is valuable not only to students of the Abbey, but to students of the history of colour engraving, for it was Rudolph Ackermann who introduced lithography into England.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 7 1926

The Rich Man in His Castle,  
The Poor Man at His Gate

AMERICA is like the Rich Uncle from whom all his Poor Relations expect favours. The Poor Relations are the nations of Europe who went to war and now find that it has still to be paid for, and that they have to pay the Rich Uncle.

It does seem a very odd state of affairs that America, which did not come into the war till it was nearly all over, should have been the one nation to make a good thing out of it.

More than one statesman has commented bitterly or sorrowfully on it. The Prime Minister spoke of that prosperous and powerful Republic across the Atlantic which is drawing an annual tribute from poverty-stricken Europe. The Chancellor of the Exchequer said that in fifteen years America would be still taking eighty million pounds a year from Europe, and an ex-Chancellor explained that America would be taking everything that was received from Germany, and that *not one European nation would get a penny*.

In France they think the fall of the franc can be put down to the American demands, and there is no nation which does not put the blame for some of its misfortunes in that quarter.

Yet perhaps blame, like charity, should begin at home. *Then comes the bill, and then they smile no more*, a verse-maker once wrote of diners who had dined too well. If he had been writing of war-makers he could not have found words to describe the feelings of those who, having launched themselves on that cruel and barbarous folly, discover that the payment for it never ends.

America could afford to be more generous, and generosity in a people is never wasted. But wickedness in nations always have to be paid for. In the law of God and in the history of peoples there is no Statute of Limitations. Wars have to be paid for.

The American who came in last is the Rich Man in his Castle, and the European who bore the heat and burden of the day is the Poor Man at his Gate. It is the most astonishing witness to the madness and stupidity of war. It shows what every wise man knows, that war is an unreasoning folly settling nothing, that it never can settle anything, and that its prizes and punishments are the unjustest things on Earth.

We do not envy rich America, for we would rather be poor England; but we shall be proud of our Atlantic cousins if they now say plainly to the world that they will cancel the debts of Europe in return for one thing. That thing is the only thing to save the world—Disarmament.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London  
above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## It is Always So

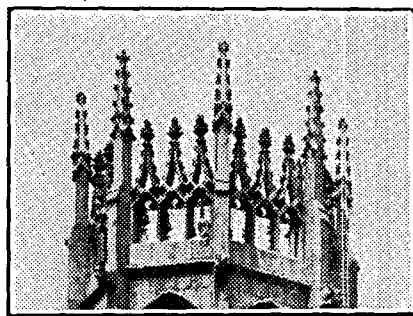
How true are these words of our time! They were written by a famous judge.

The real business of the nation is left undone, or is badly done.

A new race of men is springing up to govern the nation; they are the hunters after popularity, men ambitious not of the honour so much as of the profits of office, the demagogues whose principles hang laxly upon them, and who follow not so much what is right as what leads to applause. There is very great danger that these men will usurp so much popular favour that they will rule the nation; and, if so, we may yet live to see many of our best institutions crumble in the dust.

This is 1926, and the judge who made this protest against the manners of his time was writing in 1818, just after a great war.

The Crown of Fleet Street



The most beautiful sight in Fleet Street is its architectural crown, just beyond the Four Trees. It is the crown of St. Dunstan-in-the-West, rising above the site of the old pulpit in which William Tyndale preached.

## Our Country Friends

By Our Town Girl

They came from the country to stay,  
And, oh, they had travelled so long!  
We hoped for the best  
And put them to rest  
Until they were quite fresh and strong.

And now they are blooming in health,  
Each one in a soft perfumed gown.  
Friends laugh when we say  
That they travelled one day,  
Bunched together, by post up to Town.

## The Head Waiter Reckons Us Up

ONE of our friends who has been reading a novel has been struck by the reflections of a head waiter gazing at the customers in his restaurant.

There were people who peered at their food because they were very short-sighted, and people who sat well back in their chairs because they were the other way round.

There were people who made their plates rather untidy, and others who ate in a pattern—a trifle of this, a trifle of that, keeping it nicely trimmed up and in order, like a small suburban garden.

Some took joy in preparing a fork full of food, packing it with a bit of potato, a couple of beans, a portion of mushroom, a touch of tomato.

What a queer lot of people we are, taken altogether!

## News of Queen Elizabeth

LOOKING through some old pages of gossip of the days when Queen Elizabeth and Francis Drake and Walter Raleigh were making these islands great and famous in the world, we came upon an item which is news to us, and which, therefore, we pass on. It is this:

*The Queen hath built herself a bath, where she doth take herself once a month, whether she require it or no.*

## Tip-Cat

A POLITICAL gossip thinks Sir W. Joynson-Hicks may become anything. He is so becoming.

For fifty-seven years a Wallingford woman has been cutting her husband's hair. A barber could do it in half an hour.

MANY people are objecting to the betting tax. The best thing for them to do is not to pay it.

THE first duty of medicine is not to cure diseases but to prevent them. But until we get them we don't need it.

"SPEAKING as a motorist of twenty years standing," begins a letter to a paper. The writer has evidently been unlucky.

SLOW play is tending to destroy cricket. It will soon be all over with it.

THE two parties in Poland seem as far apart as the Poles.

SOME girls spoil their holidays through being afraid of spoiling their complexions. Because if they spoiled their complexions they would spoil their holidays.

DIPLOMACY is said to be only common sense. But we pay a rare price for it.

MR. BERNARD SHAW says he is far too old for games. Yet we hear he is arranging for another play.

## The Sixpenny Stud

It is possible for things to be too cheap, as this story shows. It is sent by one of our readers, from the writings of William Feather.

ONE day a friend of mine found himself without a collar button. This had happened so often that he went to a first-class jeweller's and bought a solid gold button costing half a guinea.

Thereafter he had respect for his collar button. He didn't send this gold button to the laundry. He didn't leave it in hotel bedrooms. He didn't leave it on the top of his chest of drawers. Before he purchased the solid gold button he was buying a sixpenny button at least once a month. The gold button is now in its tenth year of usefulness, and is good for one hundred more years.

PETER PUCK  
WANTS  
TO KNOW  
If two tars make a  
tar-tar

## The Stowaway

By Our Country Girl

PEOPLE are fond of saying that the moral character of the British workman has been destroyed by unemployment pay, that he has lost his self-respect, and that he would do anything rather than work.

We have never believed that the bulk of British democracy is dishonest, and would ask these gloomy critics to read the true story of Daniel Coombs.

Coombs was an engineer. He fell ill and lost his work. When he recovered he could not find another post. He heard that overseas there was plenty of work, plenty of room, and land for the man who would claim it, but he had no money to pay his passage. He decided to risk all the hardships of a stowaway's lot.

## Nine Days of Agony

The night before the steamship Orduna left Southampton for Nova Scotia Coombs slipped on board in the dark and hid himself in the funnel casing. Then followed an experience too terrible for words. Coombs was cramped up in a space only two feet six inches wide and, of course, intensely hot. He had no food and no water. For nine days he suffered unimaginable agonies, but he did not give way. He was accidentally discovered.

When the poor man tottered out, a mere skeleton, weighing two stone less than he had weighed before his torment began, a murmur of horror went round the crew. It is a punishable offence to be a stowaway. They knew he would be sent to prison, but they wanted him to have a chance when he came out, so these working men subscribed seven pounds for him.

The captain ordered that the stowaway must work his passage, and Coombs fell to with a will. The result was that he did not go to prison after all. He has now got a permanent post with the steamship company owning the Orduna.

Remember his sufferings, and think that he endured them all, not for the sake of gaining fame or power, or any of life's greatest prizes, but simply for the sake of getting work.

## The Perfect Friend

If you want the perfect friend,  
True as steel unto the end,  
One who'll make your mood his own,  
Guess it from your lightest tone,  
Gladly share your chaff and fun  
From the rise to set of sun  
(But when thoughts of care arise  
Quickly know and sympathise);  
One who, though you do him wrong,  
Never sulks, and grieves not long;  
One who holds his tongue although  
Others say *I told you so*;  
One who keeps your secrets well  
(Threat and bribe can't make him tell);  
One who'll trust you, come what may,  
Flinch not through the longest day,  
True through rain and snow and fog,  
You must go and buy a dog. J. B.

However far reason may progress  
it will never go as far as the heart.

CONFUCIUS



August 7, 1926

## The Children's Newspaper

7

## POOR BUNYAN'S RICH BOOK

FROM BEDFORD GAOL TO BOND STREET

The Immortal Story Written by a Tinker

### SECRET OF ITS MAGIC

One of the rarest and best-loved books in the English language has just been sold for a great price at Sothebys. It was a fine and perfect copy of the first edition of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

When the immortal allegory appeared for the first time, in February, 1678, so irresistible was its charm, even in those early days, that it was read almost out of existence! That first edition is infinitely rarer today than the First Folio of Shakespeare. It is even rarer than most books printed by Caxton.

Only four other perfect copies are known to exist, three of which are in public libraries—the British Museum, the John Rylands Library, Manchester, and the Huntingdon Library, in California. The fourth copy belongs to Sir George Holford.

### Only Eleven Copies Known

Six other copies of this rare book have been traced, all more or less imperfect. This means that there are only eleven copies of the original edition of Pilgrim's Progress known to be in existence.

The costly treasure which has just been sold, so coveted by collectors of rare books, is a little brown volume measuring about 3½ inches by 5½, less than half an inch thick, and is printed on yellowish-grey paper from Dutch type. It is full of peculiarities of printing and spelling, and has marginal comments and quaint expressions in rugged Saxon-English which have been omitted by modern editors. Bunyan himself made many changes in his grammar and spelling in the course of the eight editions which he lived to revise.

### The First Pictures

When it first appeared tens of thousands of children looked with terror and delight on the crude pictures of Christian thrusting his sword into Apollyon, or writhing in the grasp of Giant Despair, by which the first readers were helped to realise some of the scenes.

The Pilgrim's Progress is what all children love, a story about themselves. That is why it is read by all classes, creeds, and races. The most wonderful thing about it is that a story full of giants and goblins, lions and warriors, written with all the action and scenery of a fairy tale, should possess such compelling power to make truth so clear and goodness so attractive.

What is the secret of such magic? It is probably that every word Bunyan wrote he believed. Every incident of his great allegory was real to him. As he wrote he fairly saw his men, and identified himself with them. Christian is Bunyan, and Christian's strange life-pilgrimage is the true record of Bunyan's own eager soul.

### Familiar Footprints

Bunyan was a born story-teller. He tells us all his wonders simply as men tell facts. It is a true story, his own story. And because it is a great human story which all of us have lived through we follow familiar footprints all the way. This was the miracle the tinker wrought. He makes every place in the journey real to us. Each of us paints his own picture and puts it into Bunyan's frame.

John Bunyan was born at Elstow, about two miles from Bedford, in 1628. He died in London in 1688. His parents were very poor and all the education he got was to learn to read and write at the village school.

During Bunyan's sixty years of life, Charles Stuart was dethroned and beheaded; Cromwell was made Protector, and died; Charles the Second was banished, restored, and died; and

## THE STILL WATERS OF THE 23RD PSALM

For ages Jerusalem has been dependent for its water supply on ancient reservoirs known as Solomon's Pools; now these have been supplemented from a spot with still older associations.

Lord Plumer, the British High Commissioner for Palestine, has just opened a new reservoir fed by a spring at Ain Farah, which tradition says King David wrote of in the 23rd Psalm: *The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.*

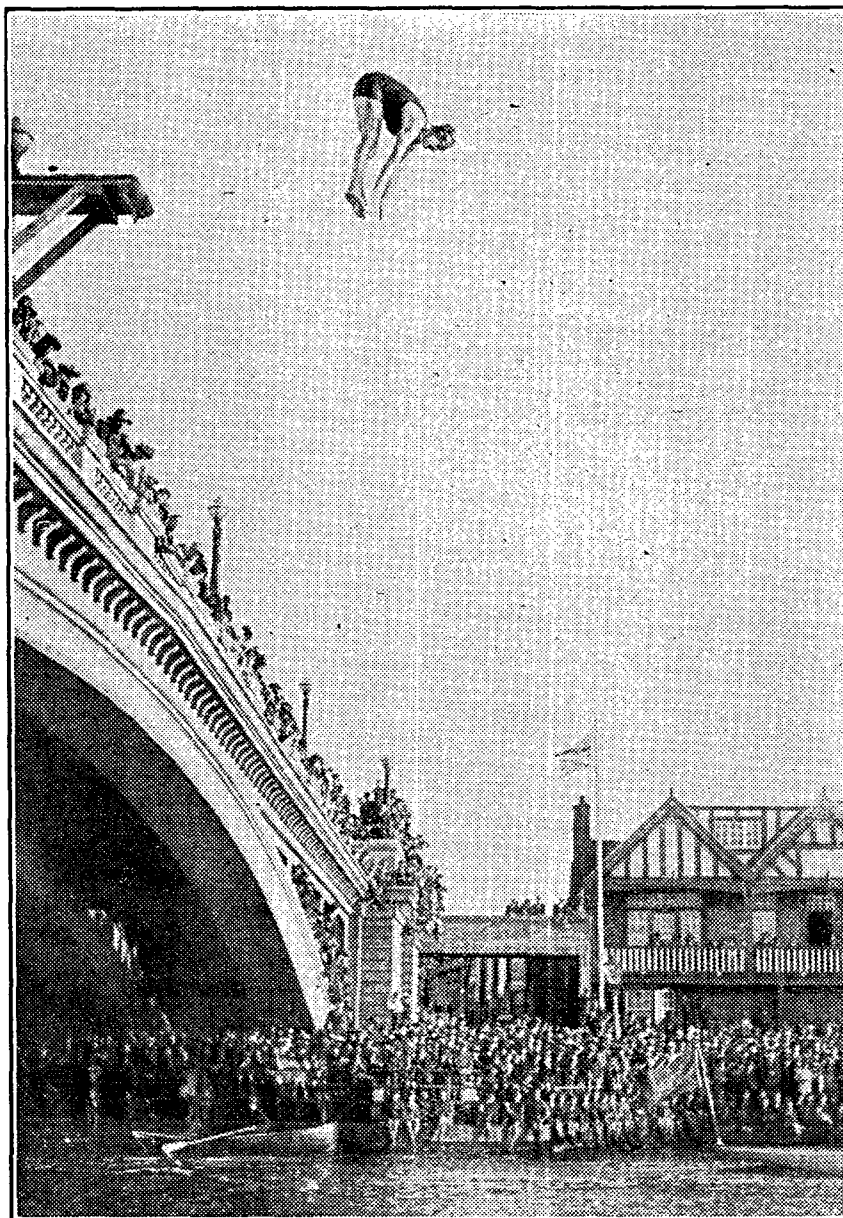
It is good to think of these still waters flowing into Jerusalem to help in the change the British occupation is working there. The Jews have ever been a cleanly and healthy people, but Jerusalem under the Turk was appallingly dirty

and unhealthy, and the first thing the British did when they arrived was to clear out the refuse accumulations of centuries and lay a new six-inch water-pipe, thirteen miles long, from between Bethlehem and Hebron.

The C.N. told a few months ago of the action the elders of a neighbouring village brought before the Privy Council in London because Jerusalem had temporarily borrowed its surplus waters while the new works were building. Even these new works are not expected to meet the whole of the city's needs.

The new reservoir is fed by three pumping stations, which raise the water from David's spring nearly two thousand feet high for Jerusalem's use. The cost has been about fifty thousand pounds.

## A HIGH DIVE INTO THE THAMES



A fine display of diving from the parapet of Reading Bridge was given during a water carnival by the Reading Swimming Club the other day. Here we see a wonderful dive by Miss Belle White, who is the woman champion of England

James the Second came to the throne and ran away. It was a brutal Age, a time of fierce religious intolerance and political strife.

Just what his own pilgrimage had been Bunyan's book became. When an uncouth village lad he served as a soldier in Cromwell's army. After that, he was a travelling tinker until he became converted by the Baptists. Then his quick conscience and vivid imagination made him a powerful preacher.

In 1660 he was arrested for preaching and was sent to Bedford Gaol. He was shut up for twelve years, and during that time had to support his family of four small children, among them a little blind daughter whom he loved with a peculiar tenderness, by making shoe-laces for sale.

While he was in prison the Great

Plague ravaged England, the Great Fire nearly destroyed London, and Milton published Paradise Lost. In the midst of all this Bunyan "dreamed a dream," and was putting it down, bit by bit, in clear, direct English, the English of the Bible and of the village green, with clear, simple strength. He takes us on a life pilgrimage—through the gate, by the Cross, over the hills of difficulty, down valleys of despair, along pleasant paths, and across green pastures, up on to mounts of vision, right to the "long, last mile" of the journey of life.

There is a sprightly gaiety in the whole adventure. It ripples with sunlit smiles. The songs of the pilgrims in all Christian story have their echo in Bunyan, someone has said, and its kindness is unbroken by one bitter word.

## FOUR FORGOTTEN PITS

QUEER RELICS OF OLD ENGLAND

Romantic Foundations for a Great New Road

### TRIUMPH OF BLACK COUNTRY ENGINEERS

It is not easy to make a new highway through the Black Country, as the engineers who are making the new road from Birmingham to Wolverhampton have discovered. It will be one of the finest roads in the country when it is finished, but some of the difficulties to be encountered are peculiar.

It was necessary to keep the road as straight and level as possible through an area which almost baffled the skill of the engineer. Hardly half a mile of the way was straight, and for the greater part there were huge slag heaps and pit-mounds to be levelled, and depressions to be filled in with thousands of millions of tons of marl and slag. Luckily it was possible to use some of the slag heaps for this, so the making of the new road has made the Black Country a little less ugly.

### Old Pit-Shafts in the Way

But more troublesome than anything else were the old pit workings, relics of the time when Britain's industrial greatness was just beginning.

Four derelict and long-forgotten pit-shafts, leading to mines long since abandoned because of floods, were found right in the line of the road. They had been so long forgotten that they were not shown on the maps with which the engineers were working. It would have caused a great deal of trouble to divert the road merely to pass these shafts, so the engineers did what has probably never been done before by road-makers in this country or anywhere else. They made huge rafts of ferro-concrete, placed them over the tops of the old shafts, and laid the road over the rafts. The engineers feel certain that the rafts will bear with safety the heaviest of modern traffic. So well has the work been done that there is nothing at either point to show that the road passes over old pit-shafts.

### Most Costly Road Ever Made

At several points the road has had to pass over canals and through railway embankments, and another creditable feat was the building of new bridges in the embankments while the railway service went on as usual.

Another road which has just been made has lately been visited by a conference of municipal engineers. It is believed to be the most expensive road of its length ever made, and it runs from Bristol to the point where its river, the Avon, joins the Severn among the docks of Avonmouth. The road is five miles long, and it has cost £800,000.

### Wall of Massive Concrete

For the greater part of a mile a containing wall of massive concrete had to be made by the river. To cross a tributary stream pontoons had to be built covering 450 feet, while at one point the road had to be driven through fifty thousand tons of rock, forming the cliff side above the river.

Thus there were exceptional reasons why this particular road should have cost so much, but, as Bristol City's engineer points out, the cost of the upkeep of roads has now grown so prohibitive that it may be necessary to limit the weights to be carried on them.



## GIOVANNI'S PULPIT PISA SMILES ON A NEW OLD TREASURE

Masterpiece that Was Broken  
Up After a Great Fire

### REBUILDING A WORK OF ART

A fine thing has happened in Italy. Some beautiful pieces of carving made six hundred years ago have been saved from forgetfulness and put back in place.

Giovanni Pisano was the sculptor. Sometimes he is remembered for his own sake and sometimes because he was the son of Niccola Pisano, the famous thirteenth-century artist. Both these men were employed on the early Gothic architecture of Northern Italy, the new style, to us so old, which came down across the Alps. One of the chief traits of early Gothic architecture was the rich sculpture that adorned porches and windows, benches, pulpits, and screens.

#### The Work of the Imagiers

The work was done by men called Imagiers, or image-workers. Their work was simple and artless. Very often the sculptured saints and Bible figures, happy and smiling, often wry-necked, seemed as if some child had done them for pure joy. As soon as they became clever and correct the best part of the Gothic movement was over.

Niccola and his son were among the earliest imagiers of Northern Italy. It happened that they both designed and made famous pulpits; for that matter the father made several, but the one he is famous for was set up in the Baptistery at Pisa. (In his day the place where people were baptised was separate from the church.) Giovanni carved a pulpit for the cathedral itself. It was set up about the end of the thirteenth century.

#### The Old Pulpit Broken Up

The pulpit, which was of marble and octagonal in shape, had several rows of saints, some standing round the base, some in front of the eight pillars supporting the upper part. Along the top of the pulpit ran seven panels carved in deep relief, the kind of sculpture that medieval artists so delighted in. Figures chased each other along the panel, mixed in above and below, like a pattern of lace, as if the sculptor could not bear to leave one square foot uncarved. Nothing of that kind is ever done now, because the spirit that prompted it died out with the Middle Ages.

In 1595 there was a fire in Pisa Cathedral and a great deal of damage was done. It happened that Giovanni's pulpit survived without any injury. Then when the authorities set about repairing damages and rebuilding they could think of nothing better than to break up the pulpit, which probably to them was old-fashioned, and not half so grand as Renaissance work, and nail up the panels on the walls, using the columns and figures for other purposes.

#### English Artists Interested

About seventy years ago a professor who had made a study of thirteenth-century sculpture, and knew a good deal about Pisano's work, conceived the idea of putting the pulpit together again. He studied the scattered pieces and made a small model of what the pulpit was. This is now in Pisa Museum.

The work of reconstruction was not carried out then owing to the political troubles of the country. Some English artists were intensely interested, and made casts of the fragments. These may be seen in South Kensington Museum.

When the Great War came to an end it was decided that the famous pulpit should at last be reconstructed. The work has taken many years of careful and skilled labour, and now the new-old pulpit which Giovanni Pisano made with such delight has been unveiled, and it stands in the Cathedral close by that famous one made for the Baptistery by his father Niccola.

## Should Men be Made to Work? BIG QUESTION ARISING UNDER THE FLAG

Building Up Civilisation for the  
People of the Backward Countries

### THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SLAVERY AND SOMETHING LIKE IT

BY OUR POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT

As Great Britain leads the way toward better government and freedom in all parts of the world every British citizen, and all who look forward to being British citizens, should try to know the truth about the treatment of coloured peoples in lands under British rule.

What do we know, for instance, about the position of slaves? Is slavery extinct? What do we know about coloured men being forced to work against their wills? What do we know about bargains for work that separate coloured men from their homes and friends for years?

#### A Fine Piece of Work

These are all subjects mixed up with human freedom, which our country is supposed to support and should be proud to support. They are subjects that have been occupying the attention of a Commission of Inquiry sitting to help the League of Nations; and recently they have been earnestly discussed in the British Parliament. If Great Britain does not steadily keep the demand for human freedom before the minds of people of other nations it will be neglected. One of the fine pieces of good work being done by the League, under prompting by Great Britain, is the careful examination of this question.

#### Plans to be Watched

It is far from being an easy question. There are large tracts of the Earth, in countries with a very long history, where slavery is still allowed, and believed in. There are other regions where, under European control, the need for men to work to some extent for their country's benefit, and for their own individual benefit, is so plain that plans are naturally made to draw them into work. Such plans need to be watched carefully or they may lead to something that is for a while not unlike slavery. Let us look at both these states—slavery itself and "something like slavery."

From 150 millions to 200 millions of the human race are Mohammedans, and the Mohammedan sacred book, the Koran, allows slavery, as the Old Testament section of the Bible allowed it. Even the New Testament admits it as something existing that may be accepted and borne. Paul advised one of his Christian friends to be a good slave.

#### What Great Britain is Doing

But time and changed circumstances and feelings have brought a deep revulsion against any man being any other man's slave, and wise and intelligent Mohammedans see that wisdom and humanity reject slavery. Still, that is not the general view in the Arab and Egyptian East. Slavery has innumerable friends. If slaves can be afforded, and can be had, there are plenty eager to buy them. In the British House of Lords it was even suggested by Earl Buxton that Hussein of Hejaz, the father of the Kings of Iraq and of Transjordan, had returned to a defence of slavery and the slave market; and the official reply to this was rather want of information than a denial.

With the wish to keep up slavery persisting in the hearts of men who are not likely to be made slaves themselves

it is impossible to root out the evil by any other means than by cutting off the supply of slaves. That is what Great Britain and other nations, but chiefly Great Britain, have been doing. She patrols the seas to prevent the smuggling of slaves, and she seeks to get all civilised nations into the same mind as herself. In this way slavery has been much lessened, though not extinguished.

The question of work that at times begins to look very much like slavery in lands where white races rule is much less simple than real slavery. For possible good is mixed up closely with possible evil, and British people are much concerned to find out the way to be just and wise, as we control many millions of coloured folks.

#### Natives as Skilled Artisans

Take as instances the better types of native races in Africa, from Zululand northward to Kenya and Uganda. The natural state of the men has been to do scarcely any work. The women have done the work necessary for the subsistence of the tribe. Yet many of the men are capable of becoming good craftsmen and doing all kinds of work needful for developing the country and helpful in civilising its people.

Roads have to be made, even railways. Fresh crops are introduced. New wants follow. What a fine thing is a bicycle on the new roads! What an ambition to get one! Motor-cars will come, have come, with native chauffeurs needing entirely fresh kinds of knowledge. The native now often becomes a skilled man, carpenter, blacksmith, or what not.

#### Redemption by Work

The whole country develops through the work of its people. They get some education, some clothing, more varied interests and skill. From being savages stagnating in a marsh they, in a generation or two, are sampling a form of civilisation suiting their abilities and surroundings. But all this is based on some work being substituted for natural idleness. Work is the redemption of these people. How can they be set to work at first to make the roads?

What is done is that the headman of the tribe is induced to send, say, a couple of hundred men to work, for suitable wages, for a limited time, say, a couple of months. That is the beginning of the change. It may be called forced labour, but often it leads to willing labour, and its effects, in the long run, are seen in a change in the fate of a continent, prosperity and peace taking the place of the laziness and war of olden times.

#### Labour Under British Rule

Under British rule labour called for from the headman of a tribe can only be for 60 days out of any year.

Though this form of labour, like the labour on coffee and rubber plantations arranged for longer periods, cannot be classed with the slavery that means the ownership of man by man, it needs to be carefully watched; and because it is well known that the conditions insisted on in British Dominions are not by any means those which prevail under all European Powers there is great need for the League of Nations to study and report on the whole question.

## THE SLOW GROWTH OF A GREAT COUNTRY

Problem for Argentina  
CURIOUS FAILURE TO ATTRACT  
IMMIGRANTS

One of the finest countries in the world, Argentina, is growing very slowly, and the failure to gain immigrants is attracting much attention in this young South American nation.

The present population is estimated to be a little under ten millions, while the area of Argentina is 1,153,000 square miles, so that it is very sparsely populated. The country is rich in natural resources, and the capital, Buenos Aires, is one of the finest and greatest of cities. There is good government, and the population is almost entirely of European origin.

Yet the immigrants into Argentina last year numbered only 125,000, against 160,000 in 1924 and 379,000 in 1912.

Another matter which causes concern in Argentina is that the new arrivals do not seem to be attracted by country life. It is the story of Australia over again. The allurements of town life to the modern man is so great that even when he emigrates through bad conditions at home he seeks town life abroad. This is a serious matter for the world at large, because it is necessary to develop new countries to maintain the flow of food and raw materials.

Argentina is taking the matter seriously to heart, and many proposals are being made to attract additional immigrants by giving them special facilities and aiding them to form settlements.

## WHEN BOOKS WERE FEW A Look Back to Old Days

By a Continental Correspondent

At a gathering of Norwegian booksellers not long ago there were revived some pleasant memories of the days before many books.

They were the days of thirty years ago, when the great Norwegian writers Ibsen, Björnson, Kielland, and Lie were in their prime and a book by one of them was a national event, breathlessly watched for by three countries. Norwegian, Swedish, and Danish are so nearly akin that a native of any one of these countries can read the literature of the other two in the original.

In those days most Norwegian works were published by the great Danish firm of Gyldendal, but there was an understanding that the new publications must be in the hands of the Norwegian booksellers on the day on which they were first displayed in the Copenhagen bookshops. Punctually on the day when a new Ibsen or Björnson appeared in Copenhagen the good ship Baldur arrived in the port of Christiania (now called Oslo) with a consignment of uncut copies of the new work.

#### The First Copy

It was met by a huge crowd, which surged and swayed excitedly round the custom-house while the cases were examined. A pleasant usage decreed that the custom official should be presented with the first copy (what a well-read person he must have been!), whereafter the booksellers threw themselves upon the cases, and, having with lightning rapidity dealt out the review copies to the waiting newspaper men, had the rest transferred to handcars and whisked home at a rattling pace, for all the world as if they were muffins which must be delivered hot.

The public, luckily, did devour them as if they had been muffins; in many houses invitations were sent out weeks before for "Baldur night," and it was an eager company that gathered round the hostess to hear the new book read aloud to them.



## A LITTLE SURPRISE IN PARIS

### The Goats on the Boulevard

By a Traveling Correspondent

One learns to expect strange sights in Paris, to be surprised at nothing, even at a herd of goats on the Raspail.

The Boulevard Raspail is a beautiful and dignified street. It is really three streets in one—two roadways with outer pavements running each side of a long central walk planted with double rows of trees. Here on certain mornings there is a market held. Stalls are set out under the trees in the fairway; business is done with frenzied energy and shrill clamour; the sun glitters through the branches on the piled fruit and vegetables, on the gleaming bare heads, on check aprons and marketing bags. Farther down the Boulevard forgets it has ever been a market and becomes statelier and grander until it slides into the Boulevard St. Germain.

#### Like a Robin's Song

We were crossing the Raspail when through the trees I caught sight of three goats strolling into the Boulevard. They were the leaders of a herd. We counted until eighteen had passed down the broad pavement and stood still.

They seemed to be waiting for something. We heard a little air on a tin whistle—two or three bars, husky-sweet, of a tune that stopped in the middle like a robin's song, and there came swinging round the corner a sun-burned, broad-shouldered man, carrying a dark green box slung across his back like a school bag, "Cheese made from goat's milk" painted on it in white letters. He made a short, siffling sound; the goats moved on and he followed.

#### A Moment of Suspense

Another siffle came from the rear. Immediately the herd stepped off the pavement into the road to cross over. A bus came crashing into the cross-roads at the Rue du Cherche-Midi. We held our breath in horror. Surely murder would be done! But no. Another siffle; the goats stopped in the middle of the road. Then we saw that the bus driver, with a smile, had slackened speed. The goatherd gave another mysterious signal, and the animals went obediently on, with their far-sighted, gentle eyes and tiny, neat hoofs, straight by the bonnet of the bus.

We followed the goats, sharing smiles with strangers who were also glad enough to stop and stare at this lovely sight in crowded Paris. Along the Cherche-Midi they went. The man piped his tune again—a street cry for the goat's cheese he was selling. A couple of housewives hurried up and off came the green box. He sold a cheese and talked a lot. Meanwhile the goats stood all over the pavement.

#### Pattering On

I ran across to speak to him: "Do you come every day with these nice goats?"

"Almost every day, madame."

"Then you live in Paris?"

"Naturellement, madame. The goats and I live down in the Rue du Quatre-Septembre. Come and visit us at the farm."

Then off he went with that sharp little siffle. The goats sprang to attention and strolled on. Away down the Cherche-Midi, the sun golden on their shining coats, pattered the little herd, and soon were out of sight. Faintly in the distance came that thin, sweet pipe.

#### When You go by Bus

Do not throw your ticket into the street.  
Drop it in the Bus

## 200 MILES FROM AN ENGLISH CHILD

### Keeping Cheerful in a Japanese Outpost

#### A LETTER FROM FORMOSA

We are moved to pass on these passages from a letter we have received from the Japanese island of Formosa.

"My father (says the writer) brought me to Yokohama when I was under two years old, and I have spent 45 of my 52 years in Japan. I should be there still if the earthquake of 1923 had not crashed out my home, my business, and almost my life. I was left in the gutter for six hours as dead. For 26 years I was Sunday School superintendent there, and founded the British Boy Scout work, and kept it going for 12 years, till the earthquake wiped out the city and killed or scattered my lads.

"Driven for a living into this Japanese outpost, not a British child is within 200 miles of me; often I do not see a fellow-countryman all the week—except on Sunday, when I make my way to a mission station. Sometimes I am very lonely, and miss my life of social service in dear old Yokohama. My work is teaching English to some 790 students, Chinese, Japanese, Formosan, and even a few young head-hunters. It is a quaint change after being in commerce."

#### Privilege of Being British

One would think that these terrible experiences would have had a damping effect on the spirits and feelings of the writer. But no, he remains buoyant in heart and thoroughly British. After praising the tone of the C.N. he says:

"I see you appreciate the radiant privilege of being British. That privilege intensifies the more we see other countries. Our British birthright is indeed God-given, and my restless spirit even makes me wish I could get back to British soil to add my mite of income-tax toward helping the Motherland in the honourable work of paying her debts."

We give this example of radiant recovery after calamity for the good of all grumblers and faint hearts, if such there be among our readers.

## MIRACLES ARE CHEAP IN COLOMBO

### The Boy Wonder

It does not seem to take much to become a magician in Colombo, where a ten-year-old boy has just been elevated to the rank of a saint on the strength of feats which in England would only carry him as far as the Children's Court.

Sayed Ahmed Koya Thangel is his name, and he has as wonderful a power of stopping trains, tramcars, and the local omnibuses as if he had discovered a new form of electric ray. That is what Colombo rumour believes, and the gossips declare that one day, when the conductor of a tram put him off for not paying his fare, he held up the tram for half an hour by hypnotising it!

Those who have been to Colombo, and know the way the Cingalese native will suspend any job in order to argue about it (especially if it is a question of payment), will not regard that act of Sayed Ahmed Koya Thangel's as very miraculous.

What does pass comprehension is the further story that a well-known Mohammedan jeweller presented him with a watch worth £50. It must have been a Colombo watch, as valuable as some of the coloured stones which natives sell to passing tourists as gems of the first water.

## ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN HISTORY

### A Spectacle to Confound the Reason

On August 2, 1858, the government of India was transferred to the Crown.

We have to solve one of the hardest problems in politics. That a handful of adventurers from an island in the Atlantic should have subjugated a vast country divided from the place of their birth by half the globe; a country which at no very distant period was merely the subject of fable to the nations of Europe; a country never before violated by the most renowned of Western conquerors; a country which Trajan never entered; a country lying beyond the point where the phalanx of Alexander refused to proceed—that we should govern a territory ten thousand miles from us; a territory larger and more populous than France, Spain, Italy, and Germany put together; a territory the present clear revenue of which exceeds the present clear revenue of any State in the world, France excepted; a territory inhabited by men differing from us in race, colour, language, manners, morals, religion—these are prodigies to which the world has seen nothing similar. Reason is confounded. We interrogate the past in vain.

MACAULAY

## EMPIRE BOYS

### A Church of England Scheme

There are some splendid chances open nowadays for British boys who want to become farmers in the overseas Dominions.

The Empire Settlement Council of the Church of England has already sent fifty boys to New South Wales this year, and fifty others are setting out for careers in New Zealand. The boys receive three months' training on farms. Passages and training are free, and after training the boys go straight to farms with free board and lodging, and wages begin at 15s. a week. In both Dominions the boys have friends who welcome them.

Now the Council is receiving applications for free passages to Canada also for boys between 14 and 17. These boys, however, must have £4 in their pockets. They will go first to a hostel at Edmonton, in Alberta. From there they will be drafted on to carefully chosen farms, and if they are ill or out of employment they can go back to the hostel. The scheme is under Government supervision.

## PETER PUCK MISSING

We were a little perturbed the other day when it was found that Peter Puck was missing.

It was not the first time it had happened, and so we set out in search of him, for he is really quite an important member of the staff. After some little time it was remarked to us by somebody who remembered Peter's inquisitive nature that he would probably be found with his cousin Peter Simple.

So we sought out Peter Simple, and there also we found Peter Puck, asking his cousin all manner of questions, which Peter Simple found great delight in answering for him.

We were loth to separate the cousins, but each admitted that *Business first* must be his motto.

You have met Peter Puck, but probably you do not know his cousin Peter Simple. You will find him in this week's Children's Pictorial, where he is answering all sorts of questions that are continually being asked by boys and girls—and by grown-ups too!

## BUSY BEES

A swarm of bees settled on a lamp-post at Sneinton, Nottingham, and was watched with interest by a large crowd.

Another swarm of bees made themselves at home beneath the saddle of a bicycle, left outside while the rider was taking tea in a café at Westcliff-on-Sea.

## WONDERS OF HERCULES THE GREAT TRAPEZIUM OVERHEAD

### Star Like Jupiter was 100 Million Years Ago

## RED AND YELLOW SUNS

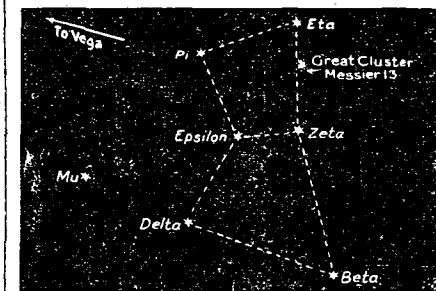
By the C.N. Astronomer

The glorious constellation of Hercules is now to be seen almost overhead late in the evening.

Its chief stars, of almost equal brilliancy and about third magnitude, may be easily identified by the map.

Six of these stars are arranged somewhat like a trapezium, while a seventh transforms the group into a rough outline of a triangle, with three stars on each side. But the eighth and most famous star of Hercules, known as Alpha or Ras-al-gethi, is some way below this triangle, and could not be included in this map.

If the observer faces south after about 9 p.m. this Trapezium of Hercules will be found, very high up toward the



The chief stars of Hercules

zenith, and slightly to the right of due south. It has no very brilliant luminary within its confines, but the lustrous Vega is close by, to the left.

Eta, the nearest trapezium star to overhead, is also the nearest to us, its light taking only about 26 years to reach the Earth. It is a sun very similar to ours, somewhat older in type, and therefore is not at quite such a high surface temperature, Eta being at about 4500 degrees Centigrade compared with our Sun's 6000 degrees. But Eta is much larger, radiating about twice as much light as our Sun.

The star Pi in Hercules is a very similar sun but little farther off, comparatively, as its light takes about 29 years to reach us. At about the same temperature, Pi is a much larger sun than Eta, radiating nearly four times as much light as our Sun. They are, however, travelling in opposite directions across the heavens, Eta to the south and Pi to the north.

#### Big Sun's Little Companion

Zeta is one of the stellar wonders of Hercules, for it is composed of two suns, though a powerful telescope is necessary to reveal this. One is a yellow sun, similar in type to ours but much larger, and radiating about four times as much light. The other is quite a small one, radiating little more than a twentieth the light of the other.

This sun revolves around the larger one in about 34½ years, but in an orbit that appears edgewise as seen from the Earth; consequently each sun alternately passes in front of the other. The smaller sun is of a reddish tint, as if dying down, and much resembles what Jupiter was a hundred million years ago, only on a much larger scale. Zeta's suns are, like Pi, at about 29 light years' distance, and are travelling north-westward to the Great Bear so rapidly that in 75,000 years they will be nearly halfway toward the spot where the bright star at the top of the Bear's Tail is now placed.

G. F. M.

The Perseid Meteors expected at maxima between August 10 and 12. See last week's C.N.

**Other Worlds.** In the morning Venus in the east, Mars south. In the evening Saturn south-west, Jupiter south-east.



# SMITH OF ST. QUENTIN'S

## A Risky Adventure

By Gunby Hadath

### CHAPTER 37

#### The Message

UNDERSTANDING now why his captors had been so complacent yesterday and had not even troubled to ascertain to whom he had written, their victim turned to find the man Hatz at his elbow.

"So much for that fine letter of yours, Smith!" he mocked, while his confederate clanged the heavy door into place and locked it.

Disappointment stabbed Fruppeny, and new apprehension, at this evidence of the thoroughness of their arrangements. Against the eventuality of having to wait a few days, until the schooner's arrival should strike the hour of action, they had fixed up this sham letter-box beforehand, with the yarn of a fictitious postman to clear it, solely in order to keep him at ease in the meantime.

As he realised this, which made it so manifest that his enemies overlooked nothing and left nothing to chance, his stout heart nearly failed him for the first time that morning.

His eye began to travel round his lonely surroundings. The sea on which no vessel showed save the schooner; the dismal quicksands stretching far on his right and faintly clamorous with the plaint of gulls; beyond, the outline of Ottersfoot and the mainland. What possibility of a rescue could he discern?

Then he thought of the cottages mentioned by the driver, below the hump, or rib, which the track had skirted. With the cottagers he might find temporary safety.

Should he break his parole and make a dash for it? But he couldn't do that. His word had been passed.

And even supposing that he took his word back he would have no chance of escaping them in the broad daylight.

Maybe Lapp read his thoughts, for his cold, brooding eyes never left him. "Come!" he uttered briefly. And Fruppeny followed.

In the house again they proceeded straight to the room which had excited his curiosity by being kept locked. And for the second time he became sensible of their thoroughness. For this room had been prepared for just such an emergency.

When Hatz had unlocked it with a key from his bunch the captive found himself in a small apartment lighted by a window high in the wall, and sparsely furnished as a species of bed-chamber.

He turned on them with indignantly quivering lip. "You needn't lock me up," he protested, "when I've given you my word not to try to escape."

Sombrely Hatz answered: "Well, here you'll stay, anyhow."

"Then I take my word back!" he cried. "I take back my word. Do you hear?"

"Please yourself," said Hatz, with a glance round the room.

They went out, closing the door; and he heard the key turned and then the sound of Lapp's dragging footsteps receding.

Now that he had a clean sheet from his parole he examined his prison with more eager keenness than any he could have felt a few minutes ago. But the hope of breaking out was decreased by his scrutiny. Door and lock were too stout for him to force, and the window looked scarcely large enough to be wriggled through.

Also it was too high to reach without climbing, but, measuring its distance from the ground with his eye, he believed he might possibly reach it by piling up bedstead and chairs. And there it was. A hope, if only a forlorn hope. At any rate, he might have a try at it tonight.

He wished that he could see out of it. His captivity would be more tolerable if he could look at the sea and watch what the schooner was doing. But as any moment

might bring his gaolers back he dared not begin his temporary ladder yet. So he sank on the edge of the bed, reviewing his position and doing all he could to keep up his spirits.

Why not code a message to John Andrew now? It would occupy his thoughts if it did nothing else. But his writing-case and materials were all upstairs.

His wits did not fail him. He went to the chest of drawers and tore off some of the white paper with which they were lined. And, as he knew by heart his code with his namesake, presently he was absorbed in roughing out a message, which he worked upon and compressed into shape. Translated, as his friend would be able to translate it, it read:

*Pea-in-Pan to Conjurer. Real danger to us both. Get me away.*

When, half in fun and half in earnest, he and John Andrew had compiled their code they had agreed that if either had to use it to communicate with the other its hidden message should be inserted as an advertisement in the Personal Column of the Tidegate paper. This had been John Andrew's idea, and a shrewd one, for a letter in code, if it fell into wrong hands, would create suspicion. So Fruppeny now cast his message into that form, though, of course, it was apparent that it would be just as easy, or just as hard, to smuggle out a letter to John Andrew as to smuggle out an advertisement to a newspaper. But the objections to a letter were now a thousand times stronger. An intercepted letter by revealing John Andrew's name would place him in jeopardy; whereas, if this advertisement fell into Hatz's hands, or was seen in the paper by Hatz if ever it got there, the names Pea-in-Pan and Conjurer would reveal nothing.

Could he smuggle it out to the newspaper? He saw little prospect. But at any rate its composition had helped him by steadying him and giving him something to do.

He began to feel hungry now and consulted his watch. It was after two o'clock in the afternoon, and he wondered if they proposed to keep him without food, to starve him, or semi-starve him, into submission. Scarcely had this crossed his mind when he heard a rasp of the lock, and the door was opened to admit the deaf-and-dumb crone, who very swiftly locked it behind her again. He saw that she brought a tray with something to eat.

She looked around for a place to put the tray down; and, springing forward in forgetfulness of her infirmity, he clutched at her gown and begged her to set him free. But the helpless shake of her head brought all back in a flood, and sent him backwards baffled—until an idea came. Although he did not know how to talk on his fingers he remembered the white paper that lined the drawers!

### CHAPTER 38

#### The Window

HE ripped more of this paper away and scribbled swiftly; then thrust it into her hand as she paused beside him.

"Will you help me to get away?" he had written.

Could she read and write?

While she raised the missive with shaking fingers and peered at it his suspense kept him in an agony. Then she stretched out her hand for the pencil, and how his heart raced as laboriously she wrote something in reply: "I dare not help you. They would have my life if I did."

The terror on her face testified to her truthfulness, and temptation took Fruppeny by the throat at that instant. She was old; she was weak; he could leap on her and overpower her.

No. Not even for the sake of his liberty could he bring himself to

lay hands on this friendly old creature.

The temptation had been sharp, and as sharply mastered. But it came again with a rush when she moved nearer and began to explain by signs that both men were out. Once more he must fight it down. He snatched at the pencil and after a pause for thought inscribed something else: "Could you smuggle out a message for me?"

A fit of trembling took her as she read this, and her first reply was a shake of the head. It seemed ages before she beckoned for the pencil in turn and, moistening its point with her lips, gave question for question:

"What do you want me to do?"

And so, in this queer fashion, flowed question and answer; she nervous and cowering, Fruppeny hot with excitement.

"Have you (this from him) a friend you can trust on the mainland?"

"No."

"If I gave you money could you get a note to the mainland?"

"I daren't cross Mr. Hatz."

"Does a man come with milk in the mornings?"

"No. Hatz brings it himself overnight from the cottages."

"Could you get a note to one of the cottages?"

"Not if they're watching me. I daren't try if they're watching me."

"Will you try your best?"

"Yes."

Not smoothly, as recorded, but with breaks and erasures and many pauses for thought, he got her thus far, and made up his mind what to do. He would place in an old envelope from his pocket the advertisement in code which he had drawn up—and how thankful he felt that he had already composed it—and, having redirected the envelope to the newspaper in Tidegate, he would give it, with five shillings, to the old crone, and beseech her to do her best to get it conveyed. To this extent he must trust her. What else could he do? If Hatz intercepted it Hatz would learn nothing except that he had been trying to send word from his prison. But was it fair to ask her to take such a risk seeing that she went in so much terror of the two men? Well, that she could and must decide for herself.

He lost no time in acting upon this resolve. He sealed down the coded message, put the money in with it, and showed it to her. Then he had to start his questions again.

"Will you (he wrote) try to get this to the cottages and make them understand that it has to be sent off?"

"I will do my best." There was fear in her eyes.

"You shall be well rewarded when I am free."



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"I don't—"

She got no farther, but dropped the pencil with a wild look as her fifth sense warned her that it was dangerous to tarry. At the same moment there filtered in through the window the sound of footsteps coming back to the house. Concealing the envelope hastily in her dress, she darted through the door and locked it behind her.

Fruppeny ate the food in a tumult of mind. What chance was there of that helpless old creature succeeding? A chance so slender that he could almost have smiled at it. And smile he did, but bitterly and without mirth, to reflect that that which he and John Andrew had concocted for fun in their tea-room should be called into such grave use in so much dire peril.

Hard on the heels of this came another reflection. This mess into which he had landed was all his own fault. Had he not consented to change places with his friend he would not now be entangled in terrible trouble. Yes; but what was the good of upbraiding himself? Upbraiding, repining, remorse of sorts, these wouldn't help.

Still he couldn't help wondering if his present plight were a punishment for his pretence. People did get punished in queer ways for things.

But he pushed all this behind him. He accepted it grimly, but pushed it all behind him because it wouldn't help. Naturally, he agreed, it might help afterwards, as seeing where one went wrong did help, he supposed. But it didn't help a bit now. Now he must plan.

For he was determining—in fact, he had been determined all the time—not only to trust the old crone but to trust to himself. By that he meant to make an attempt to escape as soon as night-time came and the house was quiet.

He rose and calculated the window again, and believed that it would be large enough, if only just, to allow him to get his body through with a squeeze. It was merely fastened, as he saw, by a catch; and the drop on the other side would not be too great. Once outside, he must trust to his heels and find his way in the dark by his sense of direction, and as best he could, to the cottages.

There were two chairs in his room. With noiseless precaution he tried the soundness of both, to make sure that neither would give way and come down with a crash when erected, pyramid fashion, upon the bed and required to bear his weight as he scrambled upon them.

And now there was nothing else to be done but to wait, counting the hours till the moment arrived. It was past seven o'clock when his door was opened again and Hatz appeared in the doorway, regarding him sullenly. "Thinking better of it, Smith?" he inquired.

Fruppeny shook his head. Then he said, "You have given me till tomorrow."

"Hungry?"

"I shall want my supper," said Fruppeny.

"Then want will be your master," growled Hatz, and departed.

They came no more to him, and the minutes crawled on. With the fall of darkness he lighted a candle. From without there sounded the sobbing wail of the waters; within presently he heard the noise of doors shutting, and afterwards deep silence and nothing more. But he waited till his watch informed him of midnight.

Then he moved his bed into position beneath the window and piled the chairs on it, and so clambered up. He wished that he could have managed to put out the light first, but he needed this to assist his movements. When he had opened the window he turned himself on one side and felt his way through, legs first, till he hung by his arms.

He was out. He was free. He shut his eyes and let go.

As he dropped to earth a low chuckle received him, and he found himself in the fierce grip of Mr. Hatz.

TO BE CONTINUED

### Five-Minute Story

## The Burglar

BOB turned over in bed with a great flourish, dragging the blankets all over to one side.

As he sat up to straighten them something unusual caught his attention. What was it? Through half-opened eyes he stared at a little shaft of light which shone under his door.

He was tired and very ready to cuddle down again. But the light—what did it mean?

His brain cleared slowly as sleep left him. He must get up and find out what was wrong. And then, as he hesitated, with one foot sticking out, he heard a sound, a kind of shuffle, and then a little bump.

Bob slipped quietly out of bed and into his dressing-gown and slippers.

His heart beat quickly with excitement as he softly turned the handle of his bedroom door.

"I hope old Reggie is asleep," he said to himself, thinking of the friend who was visiting him; "I'm keen to do this deadly deed myself," and he crept on to the landing and peered down into the hall below, where a light was burning.

He could see nothing unusual except the light itself, but he was sure that he could hear stealthy sounds coming from the kitchen.

On quiet feet he stole down the stairs and stood listening.

Yes, he could hear something; there was someone prowling about!

Creeping over to the umbrella-stand, he drew out a heavy-headed stick, which he clasped firmly in his right hand while he stole softly toward the kitchen door. There was a faint light which he felt sure must come from the larder, the burglar helping himself to beef, no doubt. Well, he'd soon settle it all, he'd—

But at that moment, exactly as he crept noiselessly through the kitchen door, a great sound broke like a clap of thunder through the quiet house.

Bob stood rooted to the ground. His mouth was open, his eyes staring, and the stick ready to strike.

A moment he stayed so, and then his hand fell, for the sound broke out once more.

"Oh, I say, Reg," he cried, "stop laughing—at whatever you are laughing at—or you'll wake the whole house!"

"Well, I'm laughing at you," his friend answered, coming out of the larder. "You looked so funny! I s'pose you saw the light too, and came down to catch the burglar?"

"I saw the light in the hall." At that moment Bob's father came into the kitchen.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

The boys told him.

"Well, I'm afraid I'm to blame," he said, "for I went to bed and left the gas in the hall burning, but I never dreamed it would cause such a disturbance as this!"



August 7, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

11



# Begone, Dull Care, You and I Shall Never Agree



## D! MERRYMAN

MRS. NEWLY-RICH, who had just returned from a long holiday on the Continent, was entertaining a party of friends to tea.

"And did you go to Naples?" asked one of them.

"I really don't know, my dear," was the reply. "You see, my husband always bought the tickets."

### Is Your Name Palliser?

THE palliser, or pallister, in olden times was the man who made the palings of a park fence, and just as the custodian of the park became known as John or William the parker, and then as John Parker, so the maker of the palings was first John or Henry the palliser and then John Palliser. From him the trade surname passed to his children, and in this way it has come down to us.

WHERE does the path of duty lie?  
Through the Custom House.

### An Out-of-Date Building

THERE was a young lady of Kew  
Who always liked everything new.  
When she went to the Tower  
She exclaimed: "Its last hour  
And rebuilding are long overdue!"

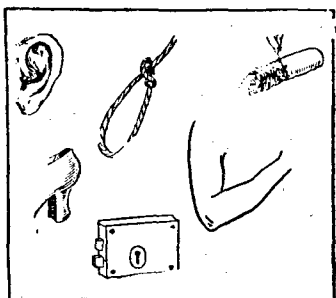
### What Am I?

I'm often kept by king and queen,  
Duke, baron, peasant, dean;  
Lords and ladies prize me, too,  
I'm liked by them as well as you.  
I'm high, I'm low, I'm short, I'm long,  
I'm thin, I'm thick, I'm weak, I'm strong,  
I'm plain, I'm fancy, handsome, too,  
For comfort's sake I'm used by you;

I'm found in every place you roam,  
Mountain, valley, and at home.  
I please sometimes, at others tease;  
I cause you pain, I give you ease;  
Abuse me not, and I'm your friend,  
I'll take you to your journey's end.

Answer next week

### Added Initials



When you have found the names of the objects in this picture add an initial letter to each one and make: 1. A fruit. 2. A light boat. 3. Money. 4. Part of a cart. 5. Something found on the mantelpiece. 6. A place where land is cultivated. Can you find out what they are?

Solution next week

CHEESE often comes after meat,  
but what often comes after  
cheese? A mouse.

### Cobblers and Dentists

TWO little boys were talking to one another in the street.  
"Your father is a shoemaker," said one, "and yet you have no shoes."

"Your father is a dentist," replied the other, "and yet your baby brother has no teeth."

### A Fishy Problem

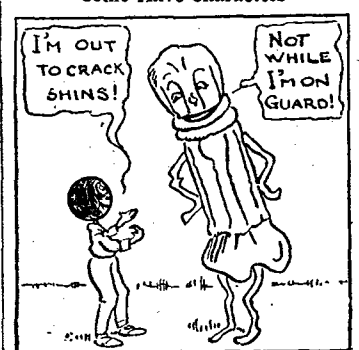
IF the head of a fish is 9 inches long, and the tail is as long as the head and half the body, and the body is as long as the head and tail together, how long is the fish?

Solution next week

WHAT is that which will completely fill a room although a girl can hold it in her hand?

A candle; the light from it will fill a room.

### Come-Alive Characters



The Cricketer's Friend

THE conduct of the Cricket Ball is sometimes rather bad, But batsmen smile because they are Protected by the Pad!

### A Riddle in Rhyme

MY first is in-saddle but not in rein,  
My second's in plunder but not in gain,  
My third is in tinkle but not in peal,  
My fourth is in welfare but not in weal,  
My fifth is in looking but not in stare,  
My sixth is in ocean but not in air,  
My seventh's in mowing but not in cut,  
My eighth is in kernel but not in nut,  
My ninth is in Zuyder but not in Zee,  
My whole is a flower you often see.

Answer next week

### Easy

INAUDI, the famous calculator, was on the express from Paris to Nice with a friend, and the train passed a flock of sheep.

Inaudi counted: "17, 38, 69, 123, 178 sheep."  
The other man was amazed.  
"It is very easy," said Inaudi; "I count the legs and divide by four."

WHY is a field of grass like a person older than yourself?  
Because it is past-your-age (pasturage).

### At the Dinner Party

SOPHIA, aged eight, to grandpa: "Grandpa—"

Grandpa (severely): "Little girls should listen and not talk."

At the end of the dinner Grandpa, in a gentler mood, calls the child and asks: "What was it you wanted, dear?"

"Too late, Grandpa; there was a fly in the salad, and you ate it."

### The Man Who Liked Shrimps

THERE was a young man of DunD Who had shrimps every evening for T.

He said, "They are prime, And it's very near time That I caught a few more from the C."

WHAT is that which goes round the wood and cannot get in?  
The bark of a tree.

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Beheaded Word. Visit, is it?, it is.

### Birds in Hiding

Penguin, Yellowhammer, Wren, Crane, Pigeon, Starling, Sandpiper, Jay, Bullfinch, Dove(r).

### A Riddle in Rhyme. Midsummer.

### Who Was He?

The Historian of Great Men was Plutarch.

## Jacko Woolgathering

JACKO always liked a seaside holiday for the first few days, but he generally got discontented toward the end of the time. There was far too much hard work about it, he said.

And there certainly was some truth in what he said, for he had his work well cut out for him looking after the baby.

There were plenty of other jobs that fell to his lot. Adolphus was much too lazy to make himself useful, and it was Jacko who did all the fetching and carrying.

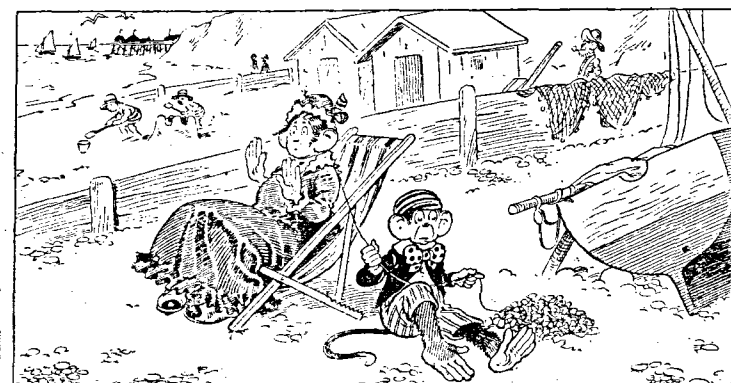
One day he really did get rather wild. No sooner had the family settled on the beach than Mr. Jacko discovered that he had left his glasses behind in the lodgings.

Of course Jacko had to run and fetch the glasses, and as soon as he came back with them Adolphus sent him off for some cigarettes. And then the baby began to cry because he had lost his spade; and Jacko had to find that.

He hadn't come to the end of his troubles, either, for Mrs. Jacko suddenly discovered that she wanted a fresh reel of cotton, and away went poor Jacko again!

But he didn't get very far this time. An old lady was sitting just the other side of the breakwater, and when Jacko came clambering over she called him to her.

"I've noticed how good you are running errands for your



The old lady sat up with a start

parents," she began. Jacko's face brightened. He thought he was in for sixpence at least. "And I wondered if you would be kind enough to help me to wind some wool?" she added.

It was a sell! Still, Jacko thought he might get that sixpence, even if he had to earn it. So he stood at attention, and the old lady held out her hands and Jacko began to wind.

But the sun was very hot, and gradually the old lady began to doze, though she still held out her hands with the wool on them. Even Jacko felt sleepy, and at last he slid down on the beach and wound away lazily over his shoulder.

It really seemed as if that skein of wool would last for ever! Jacko wound and wound and wound, but still it didn't come to an end. He got tired of winding, and dropped the ball; and just then the old lady sat up with a start.

"Dear me, I feel quite chilly," she exclaimed. And she put up her hands to find her shawl.

But the shawl wasn't there! Or, rather, the last bit of it was fast disappearing over Jacko's shoulder. Somehow he had caught hold of a thread in it and had pulled the whole thing undone!

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

### Thief Caught by a Fish

A Frenchman who recently started off in his motor-car for a day's fishing, has been congratulating himself on his luck. Returning home to Paris he pulled up at a restaurant, leaving his catch in a box in the car outside the hotel. Hardly had he begun his meal when he was startled by a shrill cry of pain, and, hurrying into the street, found a youth writhing in agony.

On inquiring the cause of his distress the young man was obliged to confess that he had intended to steal whatever he could find of value in the car, and having thrust his hand into the box containing the fish, a huge pike, which was among the catch, had avenged itself by biting off the culprit's thumb.

### Voleur pris par un Poisson

Un Français, qui partit récemment dans son automobile faire une partie de pêche, a eu lieu de se féliciter de sa chance. A son retour à Paris, il fit halte à un restaurant, laissant le produit de sa pêche dans une caisse dans l'auto devant l'hôtel. A peine eut-il commencé son repas qu'il tressaillit en entendant un cri de douleur; se rendant en toute hâte dans la rue il vit un jeune homme se tortant de souffrance.

Lorsqu'on lui demanda la cause de sa détresse, le jeune homme fut forcé d'avouer qu'il avait eu l'intention de voler tout objet de valeur se trouvant dans l'auto et que, ayant fourré la main dans la caisse aux poissons, il avait eu le pouce coupé en deux par un énorme brochet qui se trouvait parmi la pêche et qui avait saisi l'occasion de se venger.

## Tales Before Bedtime

### No Pencil

GERRIT PARMENTER was a little Dutch boy who lived in a Dutch village of sweet little houses, with baby canals running up between them.

Gerrit's mother wrote songs, and often used to sit outside her little white house. The garden had a big bed of yellow pansies on one side of the grass and a big bed of purple pansies on the other, and she would darn Gerrit's socks there in the afternoon sunshine and look at the sparkling water of the two little canals just beyond.

Gerrit would be playing by the little bridge across one of them, or climbing in and out of the green boat they called Juliana after the young princess of Holland. And there the mother would make up the gay tunes that she would sing afterwards to Gerrit when she bathed him in his big blue and white tiled tub.

But one afternoon a strange thing happened. Gerrit called to his mother:

"Make a song for me, Mummy; I want a new one!"

The boy loved singing, and the mother, her eyes fixed on a windmill twisting lazily against the blue sky, promised to try.

Presently a charming song came running merrily into her head, and she hurried indoors for pen and ink and music paper to write it down. But, alas! the ink had run dry, and there was no pencil anywhere!

"Oh, Gerrit, I shall forget my tune. Run and find me a pencil quickly!" she called.

So down the street Gerrit ran.

At the bridge he saw his boy friend, William, standing fishing in his own little canal, and lo and behold, William was in the very act of catching a fish!



"I've got a pencil!"

"Yes, wait a minute; I've got a pencil," William sang out, and he put the fish carefully in a bowl and threw a pencil from his pocket to Gerrit. Then back ran Gerrit.

Mother wrote down the tune, and children all over Holland are singing it today, for it is the prettiest song about a windmill you ever heard; and it is a good thing that Gerrit ran fast or it might have been forgotten!



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

August 7, 1926

Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

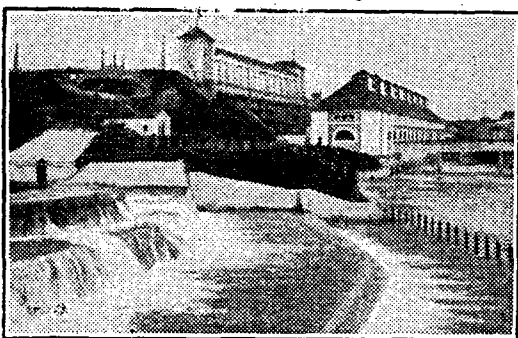
## RESTORING THE PARTHENON • MARKING THE SWANS • FOREST FIRE-ENGINE



**Three Cheers for the Holidays**—The eagerly-awaited summer holidays have arrived, and here we see a happy party of boys and girls at Eastbourne giving a cheer before their boat sets sail. For children who live in big cities a short trip on the sea is an exciting event.



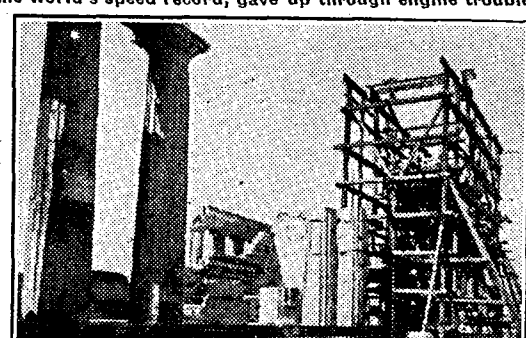
**The Hare and the Tortoise**—A race took place at Brooklands the other day between a racing car and an electric truck with a speed of four miles an hour. The truck had a long start, but the car, driven by the holder of the world's speed record, gave up through engine trouble.



**Harnessing the Water-Power of Germany**—Here we see one of the largest hydraulic power-stations in Europe, recently built in Bavaria on the banks of the River Inn.



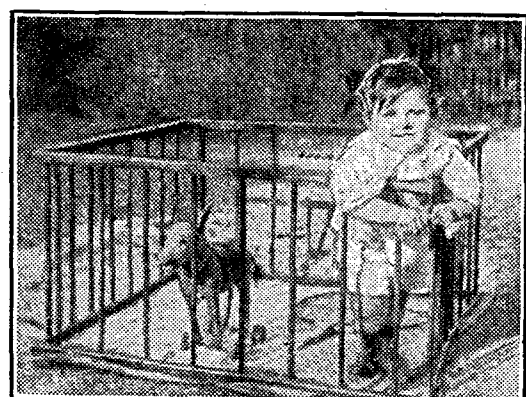
**From the Depths of the Sea**—At first sight this appears to be an exciting picture of a holiday-maker struggling with some strange creature from the sea, but actually it is only a bather at Torquay enjoying a game with a bunch of seaweed which a friend has just thrown at her.



**Restoring the Parthenon**—The Parthenon on the Acropolis at Athens is being partly restored, and this picture shows how the great columns are being re-erected.



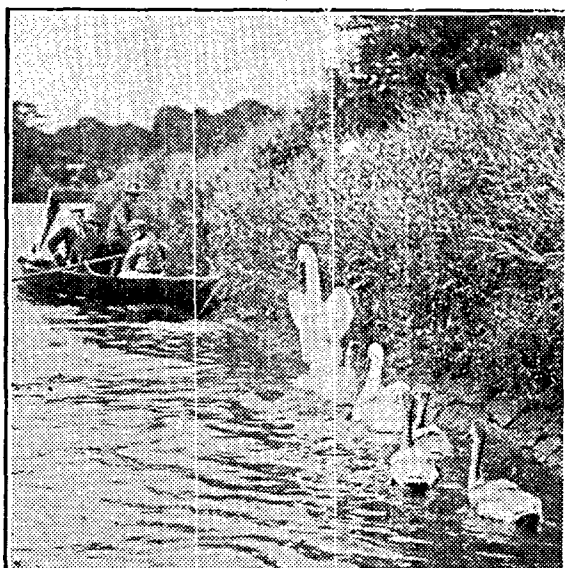
**A Great Day for the Pony**—One of the most attractive exhibits at the Sussex Agricultural Society's show at Eastbourne was this dainty little Shetland pony, which is here seen on its way to the judging parade.



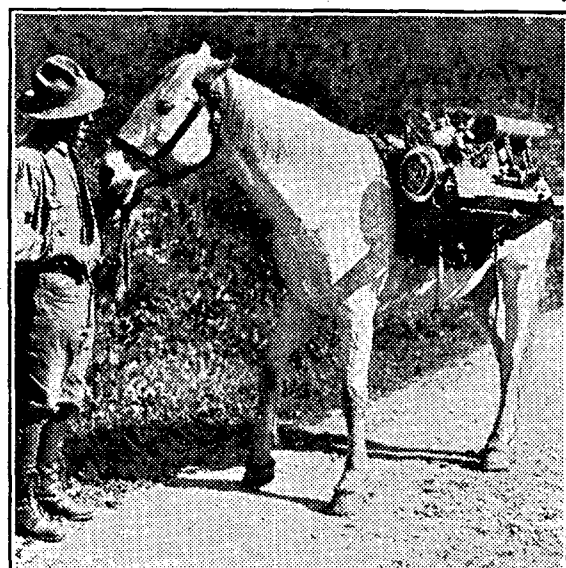
**We Two**—In one of the early numbers of the C.N. a letter was written by Peter Pan to a boy just coming into the world. The boy is now growing into a gallant little Frenchman, and is here seen with his favourite donkey.



**Water-Lilies at Westminster**—This beautiful display of floating blossoms was seen at the Westminster headquarters of the Royal Horticultural Society during the annual show.



**Marking the Thames Swans**—Swan-upping, as it is called, takes place every year, when men in boats round up all the swans on the Thames and mark the cygnets, as seen here.



**A Forest Fire-Engine**—Great stretches of forest in British Columbia have lately been destroyed by fire. This picture shows a horse carrying a portable emergency pump.

## VAST CHANGES TAKING PLACE IN NATURE—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST

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